THE COMMONWEAL

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TEAPOTS AND TOAST

"I'LL give you kisses and a hearth-fire," was all Leander could promise the princess in the play; and to judge by her subsequent actions, the offer was quite acceptable. Why should it not have been? Models and philosophies may change, but not the longing of the human species for homes—homes that are as real as the one in the song, with a lilac bush at the back door and a babe or two within. There were prophets, especially in those queer old days when people were excited about Olive Schreiner and the "new woman," who used to tell us that the world showed signs of growing away from all such glorious simplicities.

Later prophets have been found to bewail the centrifugal influence of modern inventions. But really, though the automobile may send mankind skidding round remote corners, it is modern lighting, decoration, musical instruments and their like which have brought into the home a myriad possible new charms that make for companionship and pleasant hours. New York women who send their million and more children to school and their men to work, know little about theatres and the lights of midnight; farmers who haul their wheat to market do not see the lure of the open road. These are the solace of that great itinerant throng which has somehow missed the joys of a four-walled Arcady.

Therefore, it is really a steadfast and traditional subject which the Holy Father has proposed for consideration at the International Eucharistic Congress, to be held in Chicago next June. The Eucharist and the Christian Family will be no novel theme for the millions who come on pilgrimage. They will find it a benignant old topic of conversation which can bring to the surface all that is dearest, best, and most unchanging in their lives. But though the saving instincts have survived well into this century of industrial uproar, there is little chance to miss noting how many dreams of home are wrecked by malignant social circumstances. We do not mean so much the ruinous psychological ignorance of many who strike a matrimonial bargain with their eyes shut, and later seek refuge in the courts.

Love, as Coventry Patmore once said, is the finest fruit of culture and it will not grow where neither the body nor the soul is docile to the great laws and the greater charity of a sacrament. But there is another and no less poignant problem. It is the

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social condition of those whom circumstances prevent from building the home they need and staunchly desire. It is when we bewail the empty cradle and the mechanical means for keeping it empty; when we deplore the lack of parental supervision over small boys and girls, now so manifest when we are more than a little shocked at the physical and moral status of growing America, that we are face to face with a social question more worthy of attention than anything else in the world.

It is a social question, we have said, rather than a matter of individual responsibility. Recently metropolitan police in several parts of New York have been called upon to disperse gangs of children who danced the Charleston on busy sidewalks. The poor mites jigged and shimmied amid the guffaws of spectators who tossed coins in return for the show, and they voted it an excellent business venture. One can get a little too excited about such things. Probably they do not make certain the immediate downfall of the republic.

But all of us must believe that childhood needs a different environment from what public exhibitions of the Charleston suggest. It needs precisely what it is normally born into—the immemorial home. Yet how can anyone expect there should be homes where smudgy little apartments are bricked into acres of others just like them; where both father and mother spend the day at work; where there is necessarily so fearfully little of what can be called the life-atmosphere of the soul? Here, surely, is room for that charity which, as Cardinal Hayes declared in his splendid address before the National Conference of Catholic Charities, "is an essential element of a true and abiding democracy." When Judge Gary and other men of great wealth recommend the home to present-day America, they speak wisely but it is up to them to reinforce these words with deeds that may finally provide elbow-room for the oldest and most sacred congregation of the race.

Only the futile will now preach a retreat from industrialism in one form or another. No matter how strongly we may feel the attractiveness of the "vernal wood," about which Wordsworth and the other romantics had so much to say, we are necessarily as far from it as we are from Jupiter. The great endeavor of the present must be the conquest of industrialism—shaping it to the spiritual form of the human being, making it not a thing that kills but a condition that vitalizes. And in this connection there comes from Belgium some account of a Catholic activity which offers much that is hopeful. The Catholic Peasant League, already able to look back upon many progressive achievements, is now earnestly supporting the "Weavers' Home" movement. Harking back to the older days in the Lys valley, this movement aims to bring about, in so far as may be possible, three important reforms—to install in weavers' homes modern electrical equipment which will make it unnecessary for them to huddle in grimy towns and toil in the mills; to promote the ownership by the worker of his own house and of a small acreage for cultivation; and to organize weavers' "home-shops," in which three or four spindles will provide work for even a very large family. Success is promised both by the traditional outlook of the Belgian workman—whose proverb says that "in his own home, the poor man is king"—and by the fact that similar ventures in the neighborhood of Lyons, France, have turned out very well. The movement, if it proceeds happily, will have brought machinery under the control of men instead of leaving men under the control of machinery. Naturally it hinges to a large extent upon the promotion of a spirit of coöperation among the weavers, for the proper purchase of materials and marketing of produce. This spirit will have a great deal to do with making community life more agreeable and helpful. Association among freemen is an entirely different matter from union against an employer, or against aggression. Finally—and here is the heart of the problem—home-life can recover from the murderous disease of tenement corruption.

The whole world awaits the restoration to the home of its proper hegemony in the conduct of life. What sanctity or what power attaches to a house which is only a place in which to sleep and read the Sunday paper? How can children be welcome there, or cared for, when they do happen to get in? Of course the weavers' experiment may not suggest a great deal that is practical to us in the United States. But several well-informed writers have recently shown how the large farms—to which it was once thought we were drifting—have almost all been parceled out into smaller holdings; and how the success of the small truck-farmer has practically doubled the agricultural population in some districts. Perhaps something of the same sort may happen in industry. As time goes on, we may be driven to trust the coöperative principle in ways which at present seem remote. Social conditions—the lure of an era of victory over nature—temporarily made a nomadic people of us. Tomorrow, through some quiet or unquiet revolution, we shall discover once more that we have always been wanting our housetops and our gardens.

For revolutions are powerful instruments in the hands of Providence, because, however muddled or poorly led they may be, they are defenses of eternal human instincts. You cannot for any long time curb the creative self-expression of mankind. You cannot urge a system against society. And what is the home, but an instinct that is also a right? Towers and parliaments may fall; men, as they think, may go astray and after a long time find their paths again; but always and everywhere, for richer or for poorer, there will come to the surface a great, salutary, irrepressible longing for teapots and toast.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE Sixth Assembly of the League of Nations ends with no spectacular success to its credit, but members may rightly feel that it is more solidly established and more smoothly organized than before. While it is only too true that none of the major proposals for the guarantee of world peace could be agreed upon by the delegates, conflicting opinions and divergent aims were stated and given an airing. Preparations are now under way for three endeavors of the greatest importance—a disarmament conference, a conference for the discussion of the economic roots of war, and a conference for the control of the private manufacture of arms. If each of these meetings leads eventually to resolutions adopted by the fifty-four nations, the League will have proved itself the most successful and beneficent of all international agencies. But we must also observe that Geneva is gradually becoming less interested in broad pacific schemes and more concerned with the practical problems confronting one nation dealing with another.

THE tendency would seem to be away from an assembly of legislators and towards a gathering of executives—a tendency which is probably very healthy if the League is accepted as a European rather than a world institution. Statesmen and political observers on the continent are unanimous in declaring that the League is promoting the substitution of direct diplomacy for indirect manoeuvering through embassies. Effective private conversations between men entrusted with various political destinies is of especial value to smaller nations whom the older system ignored during times of stress. Geneva has certainly cured many minor political diseases, whatever may be its power over organic maladies.

THERE is more than a little poetic justice in the visit of Cardinal Schulte to London for the consecration of the church of Saint Boniface. During the long years of war, he was one of the few whose minds saw far enough "beyond the battle" to keep charity always in view; and his see at Cologne was the centre for prison welfare and the nucleus of several kindly missions. Now that the terrible years have retreated far enough into the past to make a clearer international vision possible, he comes to London for the final blessing of a church which, probably more than any other, is a monument to Cardinal Manning's solicitude for London's poor and his labors on behalf of industrial peace. In the church will be placed a relic of Saint Boniface, patron of Germany and one of the many Saxon martyrs who toiled and died for the conversion of northern Europe.

THUS is there retraced, in a simple act of religious ritual, a great spiritual bond between nations—the bond of Christendom, the common faith handed from one people to another without stint of sacrifice. When Newman enumerated the aspects of England's "Second Spring," he turned back for a glimpse of the earlier days when all the sees of Britain had their saints and might speak of others sent out into the far world. And were he alive now, he would understand the significance of the act by which, in a shrine built by his great contemporary, a relic of a great English apostle is laid to rest by a foreign churchman, faithful to his mission of charity in the dark days of conflict. Verily, this is the fashion of true international concord—to unite men's hearts in a society mightier than their petty aims, pledged to a communion without end, and dedicated to that peace which, too frequently, is left for the angels to sing.

WISCONSIN is always interesting, and as a general rule it is rather serious. But among the phenomena of Badgerism, perhaps none is more stimulating than the recent declaration of Governor Blaine on the subject of French debts. In his zeal for the promotion of human welfare, the Governor has apparently developed much sympathy for Abd-el-Krim. At any rate, he believes that French financial obligations to us should be employed as a lever for pushing M. Caillaux towards peace at any price in Morocco. "Before conversations are entered upon with France on the debt settlement, America should demand a halt in this ruthless warfare," telegraphs the Governor. "Before any concessions are made to France or any other foreign government, America should demand that they cease building larger armies and navies, and cease their warfare on smaller and weaker peoples."

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This point of view is of some importance because it is held by a large number of citizens in the Middle-West.

BUT no amount of implied pacifism can disguise the blind illiberal dogmatism of the stand taken—a stand which assumes, as a matter of course, that the United States is qualified to decide the casus conscientiae of whatever fragments of the universe lie outside its boundaries. Nor is the case at issue without its peculiar circumstances. Governor Blaine apparently believes that the French people have snapped their fingers at the right and wrong, the profit and loss, of the Moroccan war. As a rebuke for this indecent levity, their taxes should now be raised promptly by Secretary Mellon! Such a philosophy of life has its good points, but like the half-moon, it is not complete. It has simply forgotten the anguish with which France has watched the threatened collapse of Marshal Lyautey's colonial success at the hands of a barbarian, and the stern necessity which has rushed an already sorely tried nation to the ramparts of the national defense. But we doubt that the Governor's telegram will become popular American literature.

DURING the past week of solemn racial holiday, the Jews of the United States might well congratulate themselves upon the success of the Zionistic endeavor in Palestine. The political basis for the Hebrew "national home" was laid by the British government, through the celebrated instrumentality of Earl Balfour; but the institution which, in Jerusalem itself, will express the spirit and intellectual aspirations of modern Jewry—the Hebrew University—is almost entirely the work of Americans. Generous benefactors in all parts of the United States have endowed what colleges already exist, have provided the necessary equipment, and promise to encourage the further development of the institution. At the present moment, there are faculties of arts, practical medicine and applied science—faculties which show that the aim of the founders has wisely been not to foist a ready-made school upon the Oriental public, but to provide branches of study serviceable at present. The list of instructors includes men internationally distinguished for scholarship.

SO far the university is exclusive in the sense that all courses are conducted in the Hebrew tongue; and it must be remembered that this same tongue has been raised to the dignity of an official language in Palestine. While no one can as yet venture to predict the continued success of the Zionist movement, it is quite certain that we shall have to reckon with it as an established historical fact, and give the Jewish race credit for tenacity, idealism, and sacrifice. But there is a tangent matter which the historian will also not forget. What modern Britain encourages in Palestine, it has frowned upon in Ireland—the long, high hope of the Gaelic League for just such a nation and such a seat of culture. How the future will comment on this strange contrast, or how it will estimate the effect, we cannot say. One may suppose, however, that a detached heathen observer might find the actions of "Christian" nations rather inconsistent and bewildering. His conclusion—which is also that of any unprejudiced person—would necessarily be that since Zionism is the fruit of political and economic circumstance, it will continue to lie at the mercy of change. Money and the empire are only relatively stable.

WITH the Presbyterian body, always well to the front where social matters are concerned, getting ready for a sweeping enquiry into "the causes of social unrest," with a meeting of the International Union of Catholic Women's Organizations at Rome scheduled for this month, and with the dramatic interposition of French bishops into the strike of bank clerks for a living wage in France, the common reproach that the churches are failing to interest themselves in economic questions must be laid aside for the immediate future. The slogan of Dr. Roach Straton, who urges ministers of Protestant denominations to cease meddling in matters outside what he imagines to be their sphere and to "concern themselves with sin," reaches rather as the voice of the ostrich, muffled by a layer of intervening but unconcealing sand. It is evident that, to a considerable proportion at least of spiritual leaders in all denominations, the concern with sin presents itself just at present as the need of identifying it under forms of injustice and exploitation which have too long escaped detection.

OF most immediate interest to Catholics, is the determination of the National Council of Catholic Women of America to coöperate with their European sisters in redressing conditions of employment in Europe which they believe have reached a point where they are a menace to religion. The report of the committee, which is communicated by the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference would have been regarded in less stressful days as a positive cry of alarm calling for instant measures of redress, and it is some indication of the menacing situation which the world is facing that it should be regarded by the press generally as a matter of routine. "European working women," the report states, "are rapidly abandoning Christianity and this is due most of all to the economic conditions they meet. Low wages, night and Sunday work, mothers working out of the home, child labor, wretched housing, have not only imposed unmerited suffering upon a great number of men and a great number who are, like ourselves, women, but have also deprived them of religious instruction and the practice of their faith. They have ended with abandoning it; they have lost their faith in Christianity."

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THE committee's recommendations, issued as they are on the eve of the general airing that the question will receive in Rome, are necessarily of a general nature, but it is significant that they reaffirm as the remedy that must be kept in sight as a clue to all remedial measures, the inalienable right of the worker to a home, and to a wage which will restore the wife and mother to her vocational sphere as its keeper. In line with this great object, the Catholic Rural Life Conference which is to be held in St. Paul, Minnesota, in October, under the patronage of the Archbishop of St. Paul, has laid out a program which will study the needs of the rural parish in America with due heed to the racial components of which it is composed. In our leading editorial this week, The Commonweal gives some account of efforts that are being made in Belgium to break up the mass of congestion that has resulted from an unintelligent application of the industrial system and to restore the smaller and saner group as a unit.

WHETHER such a movement will be duplicated in this country, depends on a variety of factors that will have to be considered on their merits. Transit facilities, problems of freight, and access to the sources of supply of raw materials, all have something to say. But that the unrestrained tendency to overcentralization should be recognized as the root of so much social evil in so many different quarters is of happy augury. Charles Wesley once made up his mind that the devil should not have all the good tunes. One of the best immediate remedies for social unrest would seem to be an equal resolution that destructive, as opposed to constructive, social criticism shall not have all the fervor. It is easier, and therefore more popular, to tear down than to build up.

THE action of the French bishops in the recent strike of bank employees has been referred to. The nature of the living conditions that have called it forth may be guessed by the fact that, among the demands which Bishop Champavier of Marseilles begs the employers to concede is "an annual vacation." Still more emphatic is Cardinal Dubois, the metropolitan archbishop of Paris who, in a public letter, frankly admits that his sympathies are with the strikers. The Roach Straton state of mind is confined to no country and it is not surprising that the Cardinal's letter has called forth a prim protest by "loyal" employees, who are surprised to see their episcopal head supporting a strike "fomented by extreme radicals." Cardinal Dubois's dignified reply to the charge is worth pondering if only because it casts a ray of light on a confusion of cause with effect that bemuses a good many worthy people whose good will in vexed social questions is in inverse proportion to their judgment.

REAFFIRMING the right to a living wage as "a law of justice superior to human desires," the Archbishop defines the doctrine of the Church by which a strike is "a state of war which, in certain circumstances, can be legitimate," and calls for remedial measures from those in power which will forestall it and so prevent the violence which it entails. The Marxian desideratum of a free-for-all struggle between capital and labor which shall end by making the present order unworkable is too well known to need recapitulation. To accuse men of light and good will who are laboring to prevent such a hideous impasse, of complicity with those who have every motive for seeing it speeded-up, is a singular instance of the blindness of men who refuse to "think in their hearts."

WHEN bells first spoke from the towers of Christendom, a great move had been taken in the development of the missionary activity of the Church. Perhaps with the opening of the new Paulist radio station —WLWL—in New York City, we are on the verge of a step hardly less important. Carefully and reverently the masters of an earlier age cast chimes which awakened all earth to the tidings of its peace, until the boom and peal of blessed metal, sonorous or mellifluous, resounded from Westminster to Camaldoli. There was an art of ringing, both significant and beautiful; but even the simple daily intoning of the Angelus has cast a glory over all the world. Generations move, but the bells go on—an invention sanctified by its mission and hallowed in the dreams of men. Radio, we must all admit, implies a far vaster mastery of sound, dominating the four winds with spoken words and cadenced melody, in a fashion which blends mystery with majestic power.

COULD this great discovery be long dissociated from the purposes of religion? There is only one possible answer and the Paulists have made it. The spare towers which rise over the roofs of old Saint Paul's mark the entry of the Church into a missionary field almost unlimited in size and opportunity. Famed preachers of the ancient time might well envy this chance to gather whole peoples into one immeasurable audience; for, though the mechanism of the radio eliminates something of personality and more of artistic grace, it answers the practical demands of the age with exceptional completeness. Through it the citizen who loves the comfort of his home after a busy day is made to share ideas and creative skill, dispensed with liberality and sufficiently democratized. Through its novelty he may be brought to understand more deeply the immemorial and the unchanging.

THIS truth—that the inferences of science are, in the eyes of the Church, buttresses of religious knowledge—was finely stressed by Cardinal Hayes in an address dedicating the new station. "Each revelation

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of science makes it less and less reasonable to deny the existence of the Creator," he said. "Science, real, not false science, discloses to its followers a lofty ideal worthy of the reverence of every man. This ideal is truth, always, anywhere, at any cost. Without selfishness or passion or prejudice, at the sacrifice of health and wealth, of fame and friendship and life itself, the real scientist worships at truth's altar, realizing, as the Church teaches, that there can be no conflict or contradiction between the truth revealed to man by God in the natural order and that made manifest by Him in the supernatural." Certainly there appears among practical men, less and less tendency to assume that the laboratory is the foe of the pulpit. We are justly proud of the fact that WLWL is perhaps the only radio pulpit in the United States where evolution can be sponsored or rejected without splitting a religious group into hostile fractions. The speaker might take his stand with Dr. Barry O'Toole in favor of a different hypothesis, or with Father Schwitalla, regent of St. Louis University, who feels that the theory of development is plausible and useful in education. Evolution is mentioned here because it has been a dangerous corner ever since Huxley's pronouncements were scattered about. With equal truth it might be said that the new radio station may go on fearlessly recognizing the probable value of each new scientific discovery in turn, while feeling certain that none can impair the reality of the Church's truths.

SOME two or three years ago, a very interesting fragment of bone which had been discovered in a spot called Jacob's Cavern, at Pineville, Missouri, was described and figured in the reports of the American Museum of Natural History. There were scribings on both sides of it, obviously the work of man's hands. On one side, these were purely geometrical; but on the other, there was a figure which, had the bone been discovered in Europe, would have been without hesitation taken to represent a mammoth, since that great and long extinct elephant was frequently drawn by the ancient members of the human race with which it was there contemporary. The only doubt which could have been entertained with regard to the Missouri fragment was due to the fact that there was no evidence that man and the mammoth had ever been contemporary on this side of the Atlantic.

FROM the discoveries made by a joint expedition of the Smithsonian Institution and Amherst College, it now seems clear that man did actually exist on this continent at the same time as the mammoth and the mastodon. Consequently the scribing described above may well have been the attempt of one of these men to represent the huge beast with which he must have been quite familiar. The discoveries that have been made in Florida consist of a crushed human skull, together with stone arrowheads and other bones and teeth. The skull is being carefully put together and it will be exceedingly interesting to ascertain whether it conforms to the common Amerindian type or belongs to that of some more ancient race. The natural conclusion to be drawn from these discoveries is that these extinct elephants must have survived on this side of the Atlantic to a very much later date than has heretofore been supposed to be the case.

THIS conjecture has met with considerable criticism from W. H. Holmes, the doyen of American archaeology, who expresses his serious doubts as to the coexistence of man and the mammoth on this continent, a question long debated and of the first importance in relation to the ethnological problems of both North and South America. Mr. Holmes, at any rate is not willing to accept the evidence now brought forward as conclusive, and in a very careful study of the recent finds in a late issue of Science he states that the failure, so far, to date the close of the Pleistocene period, and the entire absence of any representation of the mammoth in pictographic art, with the exception it may be added of the highly doubtful example named above, makes it quite probable that the flint blade on which so much is built was "broken by a Florida Indian in the attempt to utilize bits of fossil bone in implement-making and at a period ten thousand or more years after the last Florida elephant had disappeared.

NEWS comes from abroad that in ordering the cessation of orchestral music in the churches of his diocese, the Bishop of Trier adduced the testimony of Richard Wagner. This great composer had declared the organ alone worthy of the mighty liturgy of religion. We trust that the Bishop's example will be followed widely, not only in so far as the status of cornets in the choir-loft is concerned, but also in its deference to the opinions of genuine artists. How many a little church, would be worthier of the Redeemer it enshrines if the advice of a responsible builder had been taken? Christian art is a sacred treasure, the preservation of which is as much a duty today as it was in the time of the structure of the great cathedrals.

THE seventh anniversary of the great advance of the American armies in France has passed without any official celebration other than the issue, for the first time in detailed form, of the losses incurred. Thus read, the mass of human suffering they represent, the tale of young lives cut short in the prime of their manhood, the tears and desolation of the bereaved at home, "humble and heart-broken protestants," in Thackeray's memorable words, against the hatred and violence of the world, strike us with fresh poignancy. These men had no corporate quarrel, racial or traditional, with the enemy they outfaced. They had grown up with no impending shadow over their life of the fate that was to strike them down upon its threshold. For many

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of them the blood that oozed from their wounds was the red seal upon their citizenship. Wherever the guilt and responsibility of the men who began the war may lie, the sacrifice of those who brought it to an end stands out, clear of reproach, singularly noble and devoted, even among devotions which seem today to be the sole recompense the world reaped for four years of strife and agony. As time passes and even the generation that looked upon these foredoomed faces dies out from among us, the memory of them will remain, a heartening and sustaining thought in the stress of a material struggle from which the vision seems to recede ever further. At least they are safe.

"Age shall not wither them, nor time condemn.
In the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

POVERTY AND MERIT

THE world at large has a keen sense of incongruity and a lively sense of social distinctions. For this reason, if for no other, the comments on the failure of capitalism to "satisfy" made by Lady Cynthia Mosely, who is the daughter of Olympic Earl Curzon, and the wife of a member of the British Parliament recruited by socialism from the well-cushioned classes, have attracted an attention in the English-speaking press of two countries they would have failed to secure if made by speakers or thinkers professionally committed to a change in the world's system for carrying on. Some of this comment is rather interesting in its suggestion of a growing fatalism in matters social, a waning belief in the power of good will to accomplish anything of permanent benefit—strongly typical of the age in which we have lived. To abuse the opposite party when a case is hopelessly unsound is an old maxim of the bar. To propound the general undeservingness of the poorer brother as a contributing factor to his misfortune is a handy salve for those who can promise nothing to soften his hard case.

An editorial printed in the New York Times of September 29, sets out this latest view upon what its author admits are "monstrous iniquities in the social lot" with a good deal of plausibility. A recent sermon by the rector of Saint George's, in Stuyvesant Square, New York, is invoked to shake a belief, dating from more idealistic days, that the poor are poor largely through no fault of their own. "The poor," declares Dr. Reiland, with all the air of making an unhappy but not altogether untimely discovery, "include those who lack good qualities." In order that the indictment may have no air of being based on ex parte evidence, it is reinforced from what even in absence of knowledge that would put us into possession of Dr. Reiland's social complexion, is pretty safe to regard as an opposite pole of thought. Mr. G. D. H. Cole, the English Guild Socialist, is quoted as authority for the statement that the vast residue of humanity whose poverty revolts and angers the reformer, is "inevitably lacking in many qualities—notably driving force and constructive imagination."

It would be interesting, did time allow, to verify the context from which Mr. Cole's evidence has been extracted. The very word "inevitably" suggests that a great deal has gone before that would make bad testimony for any charge against the poor of being the authors of their own misery. Our purpose, however, in taking notice of the incident is not to reëxamine the economic grounds of poverty, but to comment in passing upon a current confusion between the sort of qualities that lift a man out of poverty and the sort of qualities whose lack should merit the animadversion of a minister of a gospel which preaches it as a beatitude.

Everyone who has had any first-hand acquaintance with the poor knows that poverty and lawlessness rub shoulders and that the poor man and the wastrel live in a community which is not without its effect upon the habits of thought of the poor man, however deserving. To expect the virtues of the poor man to have the same seemly and engaging aspect or the same social value as the virtues of the economically secure is an idle hope. The poor man, as Mr. Chesterton has quite lately told us, lives "in the valley of the shadow of the policeman." His contacts with the law are rough ones—"Move on there!" and "Keep walking!" being the general terms in which civic regulations reach his consciousness. They even breed in him a perverse but natural sympathy with the law-breaker who is bold or cunning enough to affront his master successfully. Vice and crime being near neighbors, do not register upon his mind the initial shock that the gently nurtured feel at their contact. But to assume that they invade his integrity and that his moral code, rough and devoid of humbug as it may be, is not in all essentials as rigid as that of the well-to-do is counter to the experience of all who really know the poor.

Neither are the qualities which lift a man out of economic dependence and into prosperity any secret to the poor man. Seeing them at work upon the lower rungs of the social ladder, he is in a far better position to judge them at their true value than those who witness the ascent from nearer the top. They may include, and often do, clean-living, thrift, self-respect and a worthy determination to escape from the promiscuity of poverty. But the important point to notice is that they need not do so necessarily. Shrewdness, forcefulness, even of a physical sort, a faculty for exploiting others' necessities, a hard and closed fist, are quite as likely to be the factors of a new fortune, as any of the qualities that Dr. Reiland would be able to praise from the pulpit of Saint George's. Activities of the most unsocial nature may be at their roots.

It is rather surprising that an examination into the ways by which property is acquired and their effect upon the degree of respect with which it is regarded from age to age does not attract the attention of some

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writer for the times. Georges Sorel, in his Ecroulement du Monde Ancien, has written some illuminating chapters upon this phase in the last days of the Roman empire. From the moment it came to be associated in the public mind with exploitation rather than industry, he notes a declining esteem in the popular mind that was of immense importance not only in the spread of the Christian coöperative ideal, but also in a waning enthusiasm for the defense of a plutocratic empire.

Nothing calls for a more cautious and circumspect handling than any inquiry into the merits and demerits of poverty and riches.

PAPAL DIPLOMACY

PART second of Friedrich Ritter von Lama's history of recent papal diplomacy (part first of which was discussed in The Commonweal of September 23) treats of three historical developments of great importance. But though two of these—the Versailles peace negotiations and the activity of revolutionary Germany—provided an opportunity for conciliatory action on the part of the Holy See, von Lama has little to say about them that is not already comparatively well known. The third is of especial interest just now when new Turkish massacres are threatened in the Near East, and when the entire British policy is being tested by the Mosul incidents. Our historian gives a thorough and succinct survey of the part played by the Vatican in the disposition of Palestine.

When British troops entered Jerusalem on December 12, 1917, the event was celebrated by ringing all the bells of Rome excepting those of the Pope's own church, Saint Peter's. Questioned upon the significance of this silence, Cardinal Gasparri called the attention of the unofficial French ambassador to certain facts. In the first place, the Holy See had frequently been summoned to mediate between the Turkish government and the representatives of various Christian peoples and it had often succeeded, through the instrumentality of its delegate, in bettering conditions in the Near East. In the second place, the Allied governments had made no declaration of their aims in Palestine, and the Holy See—knowing as it did that the Zionist movement was in the offing—saw no reason why the march of General Allenby should be compared with the victories of Godfrey de Bouillon.

Subsequent events proved only too fully the rightness of the Cardinal's views. Nationalist rivalries began to figure prominently in even the ecclesiastical affairs of the Orient, important prelates hastened to make a journey eastward in the interests of their respective countries, and sometimes threatened to render impossible the neutrality of the Vatican; the British government was very slow in giving back their property to the various religious houses; and the Sacred Congregation, in order to preserve order and forestall friction, made the departure of religious to the Holy Land dependent upon special permission. All of this was done in the interest of peace, but the Vatican spoke firmly on behalf of Catholic rights and legitimate Catholic aspirations. On the whole, its efforts were successful, even if the sacred room of the Last Supper did not revert into Christian hands—as had been hoped—and the defense of Christian populations in the Near East could not be guaranteed.

It was the Zionist movement, however, which caused the greatest anxiety and the most trouble. During 1917 Lord Balfour had stipulated (probably in exchange for financial assistance given the British arms) that, in accordance with an agreement among the Allies, Palestine would become a home for the Jewish nation under a Jewish government. Therefore, as soon as possible after peace had come, the progress of Zionism began. The powers assembled at San Remo in 1920, agreed that the rights of the Arab natives should be respected and that the protectorate over Catholic religious orders, maintained so long by France, should cease. Things began to look so ominous in the Orient that, during June of 1921, Benedict XV felt constrained to declare—"The condition of the Christian population in Palestine has not only not been improved, but it has been made worse by a civil authority which in reality—though perhaps not in accordance with the desire of those who established it—is attempting to drive Christians from positions hitherto occupied by them and to install Jews. . . . But since affairs have not yet been definitely regulated in Palestine, we raise our Voice now so that when the moment arrives for making a permanent disposition, the inalienable rights of the Catholic Church and of Christians in that country will be respected. Certainly we do not desire that the rights of the Hebrew population be attacked but we do believe that they should in no manner be preferred to the legitimate rights of Christians."

In the end, the League of Nations respected the attitude of the Vatican and at present the commission which regulates the affairs of religious orders in Palestine is subject to the approval of the Council of the League. Furthermore, both Lord Balfour and Sir Herbert Samuel pledged the protection of Great Britain for all "historically established" property rights in Palestine. But it remains only too true that neither peace nor justice has hurried to the Near East under the present régime. The Vatican has done what it could under the circumstances. Under the shadow of the Jewish University, built on the Mount of Olives, a young congregation—called "Opera Cardinal Ferrari"—has opened an institution of higher learning in Jerusalem. But the fateful post-war policy continues, and von Lama is justified in saying, by way of a conclusion—"For the sake of money, the Entente powers sold the holy land of Jesus Christ to His enemies, whose government is a challenge. On behalf of Christendom, only the Holy Father has spoken."

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FUNDAMENTALS OF EDUCATION

By GEORGE JOHNSON

HISTORIANS of American education tell us that in the early years of the last century, sectarian jealousies forced the public authorities to discontinue the policy of granting funds to religious bodies for educational purposes and to set up free schools, supported by public taxation, in which religion would have no explicit place. These schools were to concern themselves exclusively with the secular phases of the child's preparation for life. If the churches deemed religious training necessary, they were free to supply it outside of the regular school hours. In the public schools there was to be no direct teaching of religion.

This policy, public education in the United States has jealously defended, and all efforts, well-meaning or otherwise, of religious sects to make religion a part of the curriculum of the state schools, have been successfully thwarted. In all of this, there has been no motive of discrediting religion, or minimizing its importance in national life. There has never been anything anti-religious about the public schools of the country. It is simply a matter of what has come to be considered necessary policy, both for the purposes of avoiding religious bitterness and for preserving the principle of the separation of church and state, which from the beginning has been regarded as essential to the welfare of American institutions.

Yet there has always been religious teaching in the public schools. For one thing, you cannot have schools without teachers; and teachers are human beings. It stands to reason that if a man is profoundly convinced of a certain truth, this conviction is bound to show itself in his conduct. It colors his point of view and manifests itself in his actions. If this conviction concerns anything as fundamental as religion, it will affect every phase of his life. Certainly it will rule his intellectual life and afford him the light in which he will see all other light.

Now teaching is an interpretive function. The teacher interprets life to the young mind. He strives to inculcate the point of view and develop the attitudes that he regards necessary for successful adult living. He can no more keep his religion out of this process than he can separate the sound of his voice from the words that he speaks. Naturally, the teacher in the public schools will play fair and avoid all explicit teaching of religion. But what of the "obiter dicta?" What of the unconscious emphasis, the flashing of the eye, the compression of the lips? Anyone who claims that these things do not count, betrays an ignorance of children. They are adepts at mind reading, when the subject is their teacher.

Moreover, children have a way of asking questions and they usually demand some sort of an answer. Even a lesson in beginning reading may suggest a problem to a first grader, an honest answer to which must reveal the teacher's religious convictions. In the high school, occasions of this sort are continually arising. The recent events in Tennessee offer abundant evidence on this score. Questions come up in history, in science, and in literature, to which an answer devoid of religious implication cannot be given. In his delightful book, The Cruise of the Nona, Hilaire Belloc quotes a statement of Cardinal Manning to the effect that—"All human conflict is ultimately theological." The more one ponders over that sentence, the deeper its significance appears. Every subject in the curriculum runs into theology somewhere, and in expounding it, the teacher is almost bound to express his own theological convictions.

I dare say that there is many a man in the United States today, who never, even as a child, had any church affiliations; but who, nevertheless, has certain definite religious attitudes, which, if the whole story were told, he derived unconsciously from one or several religious-minded teachers, during the years of his schooling. And by the same token, there is no doubt but that many a graduate of the public schools, brought up rather strictly in some religious faith, finds himself opposed to all religion, because of the influence of some teacher, who in small ways, apart from any deliberation or malice, gave insidious evidence of the atheism in which he was steeped. All the rulings of all the boards of education in the United States, cannot alter the fact that many things are learned in school that are not explicitly taught.

The very separation of religious from secular learning is a form of indirect religious teaching. The arrangement suggests, if it does not imply, that religion is not an integral part of life, that religious truth and scientific truth have nothing to do with one another, that religion is not a vital consideration outside of mere church-going, that it is not as serious a matter as, for instance, long division or the exports of New Guinea. All of which summed up, yields a point of view on religion, which is in reality a form of religion. The churches worry about their declining influence in American life. What else can they expect, when American children are educated in schools that must of necessity treat religion as a more or less superfluous appendage to modern civilization? By acquiescing to a system that separates the school from the church, they have allowed the impression to grow that you can separate life from the church. The result is a new religion that gets along without ecclesiasticism—a religion whose god is humanity, whose heaven is earth,

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whose sacrament is education, whose church is the public school, whose priest is the pedagogue, and whose name is secularism.

Educators are beginning to realize these positive implications of the separation of church and school. Secularism is less and less a by-product, and more and more a conscious aim in American education. For this the public schools cannot be blamed. The conduct of schools demands a working philosophy of some kind. For example, the curriculum of the American schools, as everyone knows, developed in a rather haphazard fashion. The traditions of the past, the educational practice of European countries, the theories of pedagogues, and the needs of the times, have all contributed to its development, with the result that there is confusion, over-crowding, lack of coördination, and waste of time. Efforts towards reorganization and reform have been under way for the past twenty-five years. A technique for determining what should be taught in the American schools, and under what arrangement, is being perfected. Different investigators are following different lines of enquiry. One attempts to analyze the activities of the adult population, hoping thereby to discover what children must be taught to do. Another investigates the interests and tendencies of the children themselves, on the assumption that what the child is, that he should become. A third strives to combine both proceedings. The result, to date, has been the accumulation of a vast number of isolated facts. We have come to know what words the average adult American citizen employs in his correspondence; what forms of arithmetic are used by business men; what sort of literature commuters read; what games children play, and what instincts they exhibit. All facts, volumes of them, ferreted out with surprising skill and noteworthy industry—but still only facts, quite useless for practical purposes until they have been weighed and evaluated and fitted into their proper place as materials for instructions.

But they cannot be weighed and evaluated until there is some agreement as to what constitutes educational values. Research is all very well, but it needs a light to guide it—a basis upon which to judge its results. It is very interesting to know definitely what people do; but the question is, what ought they to do? It is very illuminating to discover what children like; but ought they to like it? Hence, we are beginning to hear an insistent demand from educators for a definite philosophy of education. But a philosophy of education is a philosophy of life, and a philosophy of life is a religion.

In other words, one's final judgment as to the relative value of various possible materials of instruction, their gradation, and the manner in which they are to be presented, depends upon the answer one gives to questions like the following—What is man? What is his destiny? How shall that destiny be accomplished? What are the ultimate norms of human conduct? What is truth? What are the ideals that should govern human activity?

I have at hand, some five hundred books on modern pedagogy. They are illustrative of the kind of thinking to which American authorities on education incline. High idealism is characteristic of all of them. They are written by men who are laboring sincerely, according to their lights, to improve the quality of the American school. But what of their underlying philosophy? For the most part, they subscribe to the social philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and the pragmatism of James and Dewey. The end of human living is social efficiency—the progressive evolution of the natural man. None of them make any reference to the supernatural; all of them assume that material evolution is an established fact. Most of them indicate an abhorrence of anything like first principles as a test of truth or morality. They are accustomed to use the word "dogma" as a term of contempt.

Were I to ask these 500 authors for an explanation of the phenomena of mental life, they would give it to me in terms of Thorndyke's situation-response bonds. A number of them are frankly behavioristic. They mention the soul only when referring to discarded psychological theories. They take no account whatever of the concept of free will, nor admit any causation beyond the nervous system. The difference between man and the brute, as they see it, lies in a greater complexity in the neurones of the brain.

In vain do I search index after index, for the name of God or of Jesus Christ. The word "religion" strikes my eye, and I turn to the page indicated, to find some vague sentences on human fellowship or indefinite emotional yearning. Nothing do I find of faith, nothing of divine grace, nothing of prayer, nothing of definite relations between man and God. What I do find may be summed up in the words of Joseph Kinmont Hart in his Democracy and Education—"It is determined that all men shall know the truth—not the mediaeval truth that the afflictions of this world shall be recompensed in heaven, but the scientific truth that there is no reason save our own carelessness and unintelligence, why anyone should be deprived of the goods of this life."

Now such books as these contain the beginnings of the formulation of an educational philosophy that seems destined to direct future educational research in this country, and make its influence felt in every phase of school work. It is the philosophy that is being taught in our normal schools and teachers' colleges. It exhibits itself in the textbooks that are put into the children's hands. It is the coming religion of the American public school.

But suppose that a considerable portion of the citizens of the republic do not fancy this sort of religion. Suppose they note that it is built upon premises to which they cannot subscribe, and which contradict truths of which they are firmly convinced and which

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constitute by far the most sacred and satisfying element to be found in their lives.

Suppose, for instance, that they believe that man has an immortal soul, not derived from matter but the object of a special creative act of God; and that this soul it is, and not the complexity of his nervous system, that endows him with the intelligence and free will which differentiate him specifically from the animal; that human destiny is not to be found in earthly content but in union with God for all eternity; that there is, as a matter of fact, a personal God, and that in this God there are Three Divine Persons; that in the fall of man is an historical fact, and that because of it every human being born into this world is tainted with original sin; that to redeem man from sin and its effects, the Second Person of the Trinity became man; that Jesus Christ is not just a religious leader to be classified with Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, and Mohammed—but very God from very God—that in His teachings are involved the fundamental truths to which we must subscribe in thought and action; that in His death we are reconciled with God and find the grace without which it is impossible for us to accomplish the Divine will; that Christ founded the Church to be the authoritative interpreter of His teachings and the channel of His graces; that unaided reason cannot attain to the fulness of truth, and needs the light of faith—suppose, I say, that a considerable number of people believe truths of this kind, does it not stand to reason that they will desire schools for their children in which these truths are taught? Particularly in their tenderest years, their babes cannot be entrusted to the care of an educational system, which, to say the least, is neutral concerning Christ—for they know as a matter of fact, that such neutrality is impossible. "He that is not with Me, is against Me."

Hence it was that in 1829, the Third Provincial Council of Baltimore decreed that—"It is absolutely necessary to establish schools in which the young may be taught the principles of faith and morality, the while they are being instructed in letters." The Catholic believes that religion is not something apart from life, something belonging to a particular order of thinking or confined to the realm of emotion; it is life itself. It concerns that which is the most fundamental of our relations—our relation with our Creator. This relation, of its very nature, defines and directs all other relations.

It embraces not only those activities whose direct object is the worship of God; it includes all of our activities because all of them, at least indirectly, refer back to God. We cannot love God unless we love our fellow-man, and the ultimate reason for loving our fellow-man is the love of God. Blasphemy is a sin; but so is the neglect of some civic obligation. Both are offenses against God, though one is direct and the other indirect. By the same token, we offend God by any abuse of the things of lower nature. They are dowry that the Lord has put into our trust, for His own glory and for our sustenance. They represent a stewardship of which we shall have to give an account on the day of final reckoning.

Religious education begins with the instruction in Christian doctrine; but it does not end there. The child must be taught the fundamental truths of his religion as they are expressed in the Cathechism. He must come to know what the Church teaches concerning the nature of God, and the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, sin and the redemption, grace and the Sacraments. This knowledge gives him the light in which he comes to see all other light. It reveals to him the reason for his existence, makes him conscious of the immortal soul within him, affords him guidance in his search for truth. He needs now to see its application in other disciplines. It becomes a means of correlation. It dictates the philosophy of all other branches. It serves to unify the pupil's knowledge and to insure him against unfortunate dualisms—such, for instance, as that between religion and science. He learns that truth is one, and consequently that there can be no ultimate contradiction between any phase of it. A synthesis results that affords a basis for sane judgment and sound thinking.

But it is not enough for the child to learn the truth; he must likewise be schooled in living according to it. Opportunities must be afforded him for putting his ideas to work. The school is not merely the preparation for life; as far as the child is concerned, it is life itself. At least, it is his life. The whole atmosphere of the school, the personality of the teacher, the discipline, the spirit, the experience provided, should reflect the truths that are taught—so that the while the pupil acquires the necessary ideas, he may develop the attitudes and the habits that are of the essence of Christian character.

You cannot entirely separate religion from education, for the simple reason that all education is ultimately religious. It is a mistake to speak of the public schools of the United States as "Godless schools." Godless education is a contradiction in terms. No school exists in which pupils do not acquire some notion of God. It is because the notion of God and our relation to Him, implied in the prevalent educational philosophy of the secular schools, does not square with the truths of Catholic philosophy, that Catholics find the public school inadequate. They have no desire to force the thinking in the public schools to conform to their tenets, though they are quite convinced that this thinking is not going to do American institutions any ultimate good. For the sake of their children's salvation, for the perpetuation of the religion of Jesus Christ, and for the welfare of their nation, they gladly build and maintain their own schools, trusting that in spite of bigotry and ignorant misunderstanding, their efforts will finally be regarded by their fellow-citizens with the respect and gratitude they deserve.

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HOW DOES IRELAND STAND?

By JAMES J. WALSH

IT IS considerably more than a hundred years since these words of the old song were first heard—"I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by the hand, and he said how is ould Ireland, and how does she stand?" The name of the questioner is such a curious one that most people are inclined to think of it as fictitious, but Napper Tandy was a very real personage. Alas, the only response that could be given to him was—"She's the most distressful country that ever I have seen."

There are a good many people today who seem to think that these words are, unfortunately, still true to a great extent—though now they are not "hanging people for the wearing of the green," but are supposed to be doing things almost as bad to them for other reasons. Indeed, I have been very much surprised to find how many there are in America who believe that there are such disturbances in Ireland as must make it very uncomfortable for any but the most ardent patriot to visit the old sod.

I recall that when I told some friends that I was planning to visit Ireland, not a few of them asked me whether I thought it was quite safe to take wife and children into the country. Above all, they wondered whether it would be entirely prudent to go down to Killarney and Kerry and Clare, and through Tipperary and Cork. Just why these uneasy feelings with regard to conditions in Ireland should exist, seems very hard to understand—particularly to one who has just finished a tour through those parts of Ireland that are thought to have the last remnant of trouble in them.

I may say at once that there is not the slightest reason for any feeling of uneasiness regarding them. I have been in Ireland some half a dozen times in the past thirty years, and I never got about with less difficulty or felt more comfortable in traveling than during the recent trip. Ireland is entirely peaceful, and the general sentiment of the people seems to be very strong against any further trouble. There is every reason to think that this peaceful state of affairs will continue for an indefinite period. After having been through Ireland, one almost has the feeling that there is much more bitterness of partisanship now ready to show itself in America, than there is in Ireland. The people are thoroughly tired of bickerings, and want a chance to develop their business and civil life without further disturbance. There are but few signs of troublous times left, and they are vanishing rapidly. One misses certain of the old hotels in Dublin that were unfortunately burned, and here and there one comes upon ruins that are the result of the trouble, but most of these are being rapidly replaced by handsomer buildings. Like the earthquakes and fires that have devastated cities in this country, it would seem as though the destruction wrought in Ireland might well prove a blessing in disguise.

One thing is perfectly sure. Rumors which are occasionally heard regarding the impairment of faith on the part of the Irish as the result of the troublous times through which they have gone, have very little foundation and must be greatly exaggerated. I never saw so many men in the congregation of a church in my life as at one of the Masses in the Jesuit church in Gardner Street, Dublin. Even on week-days there were hundreds of men to be seen in the churches—those of the religious orders particularly. Our jaunting-car jarvey made it a point to tell us that there is only a handful, and a diminishing one at that, going to the Protestant churches now that officials are no longer recruited almost exclusively from Protestants. Room can scarcely be found for all those who want to get into the Catholic churches. At Killarney, they were advertising the Presbyterian church for sale, and I believe that the leasehold was disposed of before we left town. The Catholic cathedral there is a very handsome one—so large that many people are inclined to wonder why so spacious a building should be needed in so small a town, though I understand that on special occasions it is often crowded to the doors.

I may say, too, that I saw fewer drunken men in Ireland this time (and no drunken women) and encountered fewer beggars than ever before. These were less in evidence than in any country of Europe except Switzerland. I learned, however, that there are still in Ireland an immense number of houses licensed to sell intoxicating liquors—indeed more than anywhere else in the world. There is one licensed place for every 235 people, though in Scotland and England it is but one to every 400—revealing, at that, a terrible social abuse. Strong liquor has always been Ireland's bane, and there was perhaps some excuse for it in the days when there was so little chance for an Irishman to get on through his own efforts. Some anodyne was demanded by human nature to make life seem bearable. But there is still too much of it consumed. The tax on liquor has made it extremely expensive, and a quart of it in Ireland will cost at least one pound sterling; but in spite of poverty and unemployment there is still a large number of people who derive most of their support from the sale of strong drink. There is probably nothing which so seriously hampers Ireland's efforts to retrieve what she lost during her trying period, as the liquor traffic.

Unemployment is one of the most serious elements in the Irish situation, but it seems to be not nearly so

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serious as it is in England nor in the six counties of the north of Ireland. In Dublin, at the end of August, the Minister of Finance for Ulster asked the Belfast House of Commons to authorize an additional grant of 750,000 pounds sterling, for the unemployment fund. Only last March, a similar sum was voted, and it was believed that it would be sufficient to finance the "doles"—that is, the allowances made to the unemployed. Altogether, over four million and a quarter pounds sterling have been advanced to the unemployment insurance fund—or over one million pounds per year since the Belfast parliament came into existence. The outlook is not promising there, for the number of wholly unemployed has increased 10,000 in the last six months. The two main industries, the linen trade and ship building, are suffering from acute depression, and no wonder the Finance Minister declared that "the position as we see it today (in the six counties) could hardly be worse." In the Free State, it has been found necessary to advance during this same period, only about a million and a quarter pounds sterling to the unemployment insurance fund. That is considerably less than one-third as much as has had to be provided for Ulster. It begins to look as though economic factors might make successfully for the reunion of the two parts of Ireland, for it has often been said that no part of Ulster anatomy is quite so sensitive as the pocketbook nerve.

Through the kindness of the President's office, I had an introduction to the Irish health authorities. Health is one of the best indices of the economic condition of a country. It is quite literally true that health is a purchasable commodity, and that any nation can have the health it wishes if it is willing to pay for it. Health depends more on nutrition than on any other single factor. I was interested particularly in the statistics of tuberculosis. A dozen years ago when I was last in Ireland, I traveled to various parts of the country with the Lord and Lady Lieutenant—the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen. I spoke on tuberculosis in connection with their interest in sanatoriums and preventoriums, and the fresh air movement for the homes. Ireland's death-rate from tuberculosis was very high compared with that of other countries. The mortality of the Irish people in America from the disease is almost the highest that we have. Only the Negro, I believe, presents a higher tuberculous death-rate than that of Americans born in Ireland. This is not merely a question of poverty and of hard living conditions over here, for the lowest death-rates from the disease among our foreign peoples occur among the Jews and the Italians, who, in our large cities, have on the average, no better living conditions than the Irish.

Ireland before the war had been lessening her tuberculous death-rate very strikingly. The war disturbed health conditions, particularly with regard to tuberculosis, in all the countries of Europe. Lowering of nutrition always decreases resistive vitality, especially to the tubercle bacillus. Tuberculosis is so universal an affection that, as the Germans are justified in saying, "we are all a little tuberculous;" but it is comparatively easy to resist it if nutrition is maintained. There has been distinct improvement in the decrease of tuberculosis since the war—especially in the last two years. This is a sure sign that Ireland is getting back to normal. I found the health authorities thoroughly alive to the opportunities for the improvement of health, and I feel sure that they are accomplishing all that is possible under the circumstances. The fact that they are meeting with success is very definite evidence that, in spite of immense difficulties to be encountered by the government, the task is not impossible and the outlook is quite promising.

I met priests and laymen from the west; I talked with Dublin lawyers, physicians, merchants and workmen; I met university teachers and members of the religious orders—and I found no one who expressed any serious disaffection toward the present government. Men whom I knew had the best interests of Ireland at heart, assured me that they thought the government was doing wonderfully well with the extremely difficult task they had in hand. It is indeed hard to take the scattered remnants of an Ireland, which, after the trying days of the world war, had to go through the Black and Tan times, and the succeeding political troubles and make it into a united whole again. There is no doubt at all in the minds of people of all classes, that the government has accomplished marvelous results under almost impossible conditions. There are still lines of young people waiting their turn to emigrate, and artificial selection still works to take away from the Irish population some of its best elements. But Ireland for the Irish seems coming into her own at last.

Deirdre in the Street

Deirdre is dead and all her beauty blown
Like wind-swept petals underneath the thorn.
If beauty dies, then beauty is new-born,
And Deirdre met me in the street today,
Her hair like blackbirds' breasts, her shadowed eyes
Like hazel circled pools beneath grey skies.
Proudly she walked like women from the hills,
Her basket full of early daffodils.

Deirdre is dead and beauty, like a smoke,
Passes its phantom way into the air.
But other women are as young and fair.
Here at my elbow with soft hurried speech
She urged her wares. And in this dreary place
I looked upon a princess face to face.
Backed by a hoarding fierce with garish bills,
Deirdre stood crying—"Buy the daffodils."

W. M. Letts.

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BRITISH LABOR AND RELIGION

By JOSEPH CLAYTON

THE British Labor party enjoys a distinction that marks it off from the rest of the international Labor and Socialist movement. It is neither anti-Christian, nor anti-clerical. Elsewhere throughout Europe, the Socialist organizations are quite definitely in opposition to the Christian religion in general, and to the Catholic Church in particular, and in this attitude they are in agreement with the radicals in France. With the rise of a Communist party, more fiercely atheist in tone and temper, this opposition has come to appear a comparatively mild affair; but it remains, and the antagonism is traditional.

The founders of modern political Socialist movement were filled with the spirit of liberal free-thought, the spirit of nineteenth-century philosophy; and being in arms against the absolute authority of Rome over faith and morals, they decided to enthrone "humanity" as an alternative authority. So the issue was set. In place of the supernatural authority of the Catholic Church, centered in Rome, and radiating throughout the world, the social democrats proposed to their followers a faith in mankind alone, and an authority vested in the persons whom an enlightened mankind should elect to the office of ruler. Until such time as the social revolution was accomplished, civil obedience might be rendered as before to the state, and in matters not pertaining to the things of Caesar; the decisions of committees and congresses of delegates were to be implicitly obeyed. Socialists were free to believe that the "spirit of humanity" was in the heart and conscience of every man—a natural law persuading him to shun evil and do good; they were not expected to know whence came this natural law, nor required to define with any nicety the meaning of the terms "good" and "evil." It was generally understood that man had evolved this natural law for himself, since—according to the gospel of free-thought—there was no God to implant conscience, and still less was there any divinely appointed authority to teach the ways of God to man.

The trade-unions came later into being on the continent of Europe; and created by Socialists, naturally from the first, they looked as unfavorably upon Christian belief and Catholic dogma as did the free-thinkers who begat them. This made membership in the unions intolerable and impossible for Christian and Catholic workmen, and the establishment of Christian trade-unions followed in Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, Italy and elsewhere. Hence it is that Christian and non-Christian trade-unions may be found working together, sometimes as rivals, on the continent.

In Great Britain such rivalry has never been known, nor has any serious attempt ever been made to establish separate trade-unions for Christian and non-Christian workmen. In fact no justification has at any time existed for such an arrangement. No tradition of atheism or free-thought haunts the British Labor movement. Its trade-unions—unlike the continental associations, preceded by many years the rise of Socialism, and were in the main the work of English Protestants. In the lists of chief officers of the unions, the names of members of the various Protestant churches are inscribed, and from time to time, especially in the last five and twenty years, Catholics have been elected to responsible posts in the government of trade-unions. The Miners' Federation of Great Britain chose many of its most prominent leaders from the ranks of local preachers in the Methodist Church, and the note of Christian theism is still predominately sounded at Labor demonstrations.

Moreover, in Great Britain, the Jewish element—so conspicuously an anti-Christian and anti-clerical force in European politics—has never been an effective ingredient in trade-unionism. Nor is it likely the Jews will ever win mastery in the British Labor party. For a man must work at his trade, generally for a considerable number of years—and the trade must be of national importance before he can hope to achieve high office in the trade-union world. Jews do not readily take to the labor of the mine and the cotton mill. They are rarely seen at work on the railroad or at the metal furnace. Only in the clothing and tailoring trades is the Jew found in large numbers, and the organization of these trades gives them no decisive vote in the British Trade-Union Congress—the governing body in trade-union politics.

True, the British Labor party is now open to all who wish to join it and are prepared to subscribe to its program; and, individually, Jews attach themselves as easily to the Labor party as they do to the Conservative or Liberal parties. But to a wealthy man, or to a determined adventurer, to the visionary idealist (the Jew in public life commonly comes under one of these labels if not under all three) both the Conservative party and the Liberal party, reduced to a remnant though the latter may be, promise an earlier arrival at high position.

The prejudice of the Conservative party is for an established church, be the doctrine of that church what it may; and it resisted far more savagely and for a far longer time the claims of Catholics to civil and religious liberties than similar claims of Jews and free-thinkers. But Catholic, Jew, and free-thinker were, to the political conservative, alike common offenders—they did not belong to the established Church of England. The ban having been removed from Catholics, the Conservatives, sooner or later, were

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bound to admit Jews and free-thinkers to equal liberties in the state. Free-thinking tradition may also be traced in Toryism from its eighteenth-century sources in Bolingbroke, Hume, and Gibbon.

The prejudice of the Liberal party is liberalism in religion. It is not anti-clerical, for there is no Anglican clericalism to withstand, and its hostile criticism of the established church has been directed rather against social privilege and political ascendancy than against a spiritual authority which the bulk of Anglican clergy have never claimed to possess, and make no claim to possess today. At the same time, it is natural enough that the more virile and attractive champions of free-thought—we have but to name John (later Viscount) Morley, and Charles Bradlaugh, typical representatives both, the former making his appeal to the studious and literary, the latter directly to the populace—were associated with the Liberal party, and preferred its Liberalism to the atmosphere of exclusive Anglicanism. It is difficult to believe that the future holds any breath of existence for a Liberal party in Great Britain, whose people have a very pronounced dislike for the group system in politics, and a strong preference for two parties and two parties alone. At present, the Liberal party is in an obvious disintegration, one section inclining to Labor and another section favoring the Conservatives.

The Labor party, trade-unionist in its beginnings, has swallowed the Socialists who entered the political field some forty years back. In the process, the old individualism of the English radicals has been shed, and social reform has become the living creed in political life. But the Labor party never absorbed the anti-clericalism and non-theism of the Socialists; never sought to deify "humanity" as an object of worship, or establish a new ethic; never proposed to evolve a new morality. The Protestantism of so many of the early Labor leaders has been modified, but the late Labor cabinet contained several members who are publicly identified with Protestant churches—notably Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who is a Presbyterian, and Mr. A. Henderson, who is a Wesleyan.

In the late Labor cabinet was also Mr. Wheatley, a Catholic. And Catholic members of the Labor party may be counted not only in the House of Commons, but in numerous trade-union offices, in county councils, and in other departments of local government. Indeed it is probable that the majority of Catholics interested in politics in Great Britain, support the Labor party; but this is only an estimate from personal observation; there are no statistics to confirm the statement. The Irish Catholics in England and Scotland generally vote the Labor ticket.

The livelier interest of Catholics—both priests and laymen—in social questions may be dated from the happy and successful intervention of Cardinal Manning in the London dock strike of 1889. This interest is of immense significance today.

For it is certain that however Catholics in Great Britain exert their political citizenship within the Labor party, that party will remain detached in outlook from the anti-clerical and anti-Christian policy of European Socialism and French Freemasonry.

This is not to say that other Catholics in Great Britain will not be allied, as before, with the Conservatives. The fact established in Great Britain is that a national Labor party need be either anti-clerical nor anti-Christian, and that its program may include a socialism (called more appropriately, perhaps, social reform) which is not condemned by the Holy See.

Mediæval Appreciations

Now a knightlier sort you'll never find
Than the university modern mind;
Generous even to serious fault—
When not directly under assault.
To the glories of elder Christian days
It gives no end of its choicest praise.
Of course the loveliest things are said
Provided the past stays decently dead;
It must never be hinted to ears polite
That the ancient Faith is not moribund, quite;
For 'twere shocking bad form, in this urbane day
If a corpse kept kicking its shroud away
And spurning the elegant floral wreath
Meant for its grave, when it lies beneath!
So long as the Past consents to behave
In decorous quiet within its grave;
And public power still seems secure
As a mainly Protestant sinecure;
So long as good circles, as heretofore
Still find it possible to ignore
Faith's life as "insignificant,"
Faith's indignation as "ignorant"—
The "ages of faith" shall not lack due praise
In such allusion and stately phrase,
As "athletes" are Becket, Aquinas and Scotus,
Whose fame should reëcho from Thule to Azotus!
"Olympians" are Gerbert and Hildebrand,
Who daringly, sublimely planned
Their "vast, too-perfect theocracy
Of variegated unity!
Unwitting dream-precursors they
Of actuality's urgent day!
What though their childish subtleties
Of code or creed must find surcease
As light dawned slow—" (with muffled shock)
Through Wycliffe, Bacon, Hobbes and Locke,
Till Kant (with true Promethean
Audacity, befriending man)
Snatched dogma from the indignant skies
And taught all men to dogmatize?
"Ye, with the foes that faced your ban—
King, Kaiser, Jew, Arabian—
Together by your very strife
Begot our world, with all its life!
Unbroken march of Mind we sing
From Anselm down (or up) to Inge!"

WILLIAM MILLER THOMAS GAMBLE.

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DECORATION AND STRUCTURE

By LEWIS MUMFORD

ONE goes to the Exposition of Decorative and Industrial Arts in Paris with the expectation of finding modern decorations in modern buildings—sharp and vivacious planes of color tumbling into the geometrical unity of a complicated crystal; and at first one is a little disappointed. As one skirts around the vast field united by the Pont Alexander III, one's impression is that Coney Island has somehow invaded the tranquil greys of Paris: the buildings bark and yammer and trill and sing, and there is no harmony in them at all, except the utmost intention of being diversified. At my mention of Coney Island, I hear Mr. Gilbert Seldes's lively applause at the prospect that architecture has frankly become one of the "lively arts"—so I hasten to add that the exposition is much more than Coney Island.

In a little while one learns to distinguish between the buildings as a whole and the glorious array of goods that lies inside of them. On the outside, the buildings are indeed a jumble. They are badly planned, and many of them are abominably designed, in styles that are "modern" only in the sense that a Fiji cannibal, with a loin-cloth and a pair of suspenders and a monocle, might be called modern; that is to say, not modern at all—but absurd. Even this statement requires qualifications, for there are individual good buildings, like the theatre, and one or two of the less pretentious exhibition halls which possess that quiet continence, that muscular repose, which marks the best architecture of our time. But too much of what used to be called l'art nouveau remains in the outward aspects of the building; and l'art nouveau is not new art, but the old art, contorted into new forms without any underlying reason or aim. At night, when the barges on the river are spattered with color, one perhaps succumbs to the delicious folly of Coney Island; but in the sober daylight one cannot forgive the architects for their meaningless idiosyncrasies.

The great paradox of the exposition is that the architecture is, on the whole, feeble, and that the decorative arts are good—copiously, exuberantly, violently, good. This state of things shocked and puzzled me; for it contradicts all the banalities of our American experience. You see—just the opposite should be true. For a long time I have held that the best modern work must be structural, since as craftsmen and decorative artists we have largely lost that capacity for playing with complicated forms and patterns which marked older communities, more generously fed on the pied beauties of flowers and cloud-forms and beasts. It is useless to expect a poor wretch who lives in a Bronx tenement, whose eyes know no more fascinating arabesque than the flash of posts in the subway, whose daily outlook opens on a frozen chorus of blank skyscraper windows—it is useless, I have held, to expect such people to create new designs in rugs, fabrics, or tiles. With the exception of the pottery of Mr. Varnum Poor, the stage designs of Geddes, Simonson, and Jones, and the geometrical decorations of Mr. Claude Bragdon, we have no fresh decoration in America—our designers feed like silkworms on the mulberry leaves of the museum. Hence, our absence from the Paris Exposition; our decorative art is all imitative, a shameful union of the designer's impotence and the patron's timidity.

Now, the weakness of the buildings in the exposition, a weakness which is shared by a great deal of the modern French architecture I have seen in Paris, in Neuilly, and in Geneva, is that it attempts to treat the building as a decorative whole, rather than as a structural unit—it uses a variety of materials; it contrives to introduce new textures and colors; it makes balconies bulge, cornices writhe, and walls heave. Contrast these buildings with the clean lines of a modern apartment house in New York, or with one of Mr. Irving Gill's villas in California, and no one can doubt the structural rightness of our own simple and reticent designs. Guided by necessity, we have come to feel what is "right" in a modern building; and curiously enough, what is right there is very much like what is right in the vernacular architecture of the middle-ages, before it succumbed to the pedantry, the syntactical flourishes, of the so-called cultivated architect. Stylicism, the thing that makes a building "different," is the result of an unhealthy craving for idiosyncrasy which marks so much of leisure-class culture: what is really desirable is "style;" that is, an accurate insight into the problems, and a dexterous and economic solution; and in this sense, in spite of all our snobbery and dilletantism, we are approaching a style in America.

Good form in building is not something to be achieved by a municipal autocrat, or by a suburban realtor decreeing that all the buildings in his development must be in "Tudor" or "Spanish Renaissance"—harmonious building comes about when the great mass of builders learn to apply certain common methods to their problems, and to avoid clichés and tags handed over inertly from the past. It depends far less upon any mere effort of the cultivated mind than it does upon certain common habits of thinking and working. Changes of form in building should arise out of a necessity for solving new problems; thus the need for lighting the stacks in a library gives the original architect an opportunity to achieve new rhythms and accents in window and wall; thus, too, our growing respect for sunlight unfiltered through glass must alter the forms

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of our houses and apartments. The modern two-family house, with a solarium that opens on the street and exposes itself to every passerby, is the last word in imbecility—the point is that one must be as naked for a sun-bath as for a water-bath, and a method of achieving this is vital to a well-executed design. The strength of our best American architecture is that it has begun to break away from stylicism and to face these new needs; its great weakness is that it has no grasp of the decorative problem, and so falls again and again into a tepid imitation.

What does all this come to? It comes, I think, to a clearer appreciation of the way in which we lead, and the way in which we lag. Except for a bare handful of architects, principally the late Mr. Louis Sullivan, Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright, and Mr. Claude Bragdon, our architects have stultified themselves, inside and out, with obsolete and palpably dead systems of decoration; they have not been willing to undertake a fresh effort as creative artists, and, what is worse, they have pretty generously scoffed at and vilified those who made the attempt. Consider now the great advantage of Europe—the decorative arts lie very deep in the European soil, and though they have been nipped by industrialism, the root is sound, and is continually giving signs of new life. We are always crying that handicraft is dead; but in countries like Sweden, Denmark, Finland, France, and even England, handicraft is palpably not dead. Lalique's marvelous glass, particularly his glass fountain, the furniture of the Dutch, French, and English cabinet-makers, the dazzle of textiles from almost every old community—these efforts remind us that there is still a living tradition in handicraft. When one sets these interiors against the fanatically barren house exhibited by l'ésprit nouveau group, or some of the pathetic machinations in steel that the great Soviet Russian exhibit shows, one is left with no doubt as to which is dead and which is alive. The Puritans of the machine would dehumanize even the dwelling house; but one turns with relief to the main effort of the exposition, which gives one a little hope that perhaps we may humanize even the factory!

The truth is that human idiosyncrasy, which is so irritating in the larger aspects of public building, and so ruinous to architecture, cannot be abolished—in the long run, aesthetic repression leads only to riot. There must be a place in our architecture for what is precious, individual, human; and that place, although we no longer live in a handicraft civilization, is occupied by the handicrafts, and by the creative arts that have grown out of them. This means that in America we cannot permanently turn our backs upon the decorative problem; nor can we be content with the decorative fossils which are produced by the machine. Handicraft, original art, must again enter our architecture; and it will tend to have the same relation to the broad frame of building, as the trees and flowers do among the walks, balustrades, fountains, and terraces of a formal garden. What will save us from foolish profusion is the fact that original handicraft costs money; and most of us will have to use it sparingly, jealously. We will not bury our fine bare forms beneath a load of foreign ornament; nor will we accumulate mercenary knick-knacks, like our fathers before us. We will live barely; for we, when we build well, build barely; but here and there in our cool, restricted background, there will gleam a jewel. The exposition at Paris leaves me with no doubt about the jewels!

Triuna Island

Day

Peace of the mountains! And the far-borne peace
Of the summer cloud! And through the lingering day
The waters beat their wings to find release,
Like gulls that yearn but never fly away,
Lured by the rocks forever. Summer silence
Balanced amid deep greens and astral blues,
Where clouds and mountains are as magic islands
Above the moving waters, as we lose
Our separate life, and drift with the enchanted stream
Of universal flowing; and so sense,
Who move as dreams along this moving dream,
A vastness and the haunting immanence
Of the Secret which reveals itself and shrouds
Itself in mountains and in summer clouds.

Night

Wounded upon the mountains the dying sun
Empties his veins of scarlet and of gilt
Upon the waters where the splendors run
In slashes shadow cloven to the hilt.
Above the granite shoulders dark with pines
A cloud of frosted crystal takes the light
Flamed like a fan, where for an instant shines
The twinkling Venus, vanishing from sight.
But in the east the eye of Jupiter
Roams to a drift of lavender, and on high
The tapers of eternity pierce the blur
Of infinite distance in the darkening sky.
Now even the waters from their struggles cease
Charmed by the spirit of the mountains' peace.

Golden Day

Flames fallen from the sun lie on the green
Between the rocks and cedars of the isle,
And fire the waters burning mile on mile.
The lilies even amid the turmaline
Lights of the shallows from the dawning glean
A golden meditation, like the smile
Upon the sleep of innocence. But as the dial
Moves to the zenith, the heavens flash the sheen
Of swords and shields hung with the passing noon
Where El Dorado lifts its western wall.
There from this resting armor the glories fall
Like fame of battle, and the rhythmic rune
Of the lake awakes, till the riotous carnival
Ends with the broken wine cup of the moon.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

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COMMUNICATIONS

DEFENDING THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE

New Rochelle, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—"Graduates of Catholic colleges are glad to learn of the investigation which has been started," to quote from the letter of C. Molanphy in The Commonweal of September 23. They are also very much surprised that one claiming to be a product of the Catholic college should attack its standards so unreasonably and unjustly as Mr. (perhaps it is a Miss or Mrs.) Molanphy does in his criticism.

That the education furnished in our Catholic colleges has been subjected to a conspiracy of silence on the part of any Catholics, cultured or otherwise, is due to the fact that they are somewhat slow in recognizing the true value of the work done—both by the faculties and students. Since when has not the Catholic college been the repository and producer of the best? The writer of the article has forgotten that not a single non-sectarian college or university would be in existence today if it had not been for the Catholic universities of the middle-ages. The so-called best of these later days is but a re-hash of the brilliant thought of men who have lived centuries ago. As for lights in the worlds of literature, music, and science, one can mention Dante, Copernicus, Bacon, Palestrina, Bach, Haydn—all Catholics.

"As a graduate of a Catholic college," the author of these statements should be ashamed to sign his name to them. He evidences naught but ignorance and prejudice in his criticism of the whole question. Evidently the glamor of worldliness and the dust of materialism has blinded him to the work of the Catholic college so that he cannot see aright.

There are not too many Catholic colleges. There are too few. Witness the overcrowded conditions prevailing today in some of the very institutions mentioned by Mr. Molanphy. No one can gainsay the fact that all are suffering from lack of funds; but when one stops to consider that Catholics bear a double burden of education—the support of parochial schools in addition to the state school tax (and I do not say this with any complacency) it is remarkable what has been accomplished. Probably the financial problem of the Catholic educational system, high or low, will always be difficult to face. The Catholic college is endowed, in practically every instance, by the self-sacrificing and noble lives of the teaching staff—a fact which even Catholics frequently overlook. Yet with that, the struggle for upkeep and maintenance is tremendous, and the Catholic college, like every other, must have endowments if it is to keep pace with the larger non-sectarian institution.

Of the two classes of Catholics in a position to make endowments, the first (those "unable to appreciate the cultural values and opposed to higher education") is now fast dying out. But, alas, the other, "which sees greater financial and social prestige to be obtained from giving support to non-sectarian institutions," still thrives. As the years advance, and the graduates of the eight "within a radius of 150 miles" realize that the only complete education is secured in the Catholic college, this class will dwindle, too. A perfectly equipped Catholic university would indeed be ideal, but it is not necessary to the maintenance of a "reputation for scholarship and public achievement." I shall leave the discussion of that point to the hundreds of prominent New Yorkers who owe their success in life to the training of their respective alma maters. Holy Cross, Fordham, Boston, and Manhattan graduates to the fore! The writer infers that other Catholic colleges (not mentioned) do not come into notice because their athletes make few records. According to the current press and the opinion of thinking men, it were better if less stress were laid on athletics and more on scholarship!

Why should there be eight Catholic men's colleges in this district? Surely, Mr. Molanphy, if a Catholic, is ignorant of the first reason for the Catholic college—which is to train Catholic leaders, to make them live their lives according to sound principles of morality and to serve God and country aright. Incompetents and "deadweights" may, unfortunately, pass the entrance requirements for college. I wonder if Mr. Molanphy knows of the number of deadweights annually dropped by the men's and women's colleges; of the struggling efforts of these incompetents to skin through year after year at summer sessions? "I shan't speak of the Catholic women's colleges because the question brings up absurdities." However, *I* shall. The writer again shows his complete ignorance of the splendid work done by any and all of the six Catholic women's colleges mentioned, or by their graduates.

First, not every religious community for women wishes to establish a Catholic college. Secondly, those women who have founded colleges have done so upon the request of the archbishops, who are wide-awake to the demand for higher education and to the appalling need of preserving the Faith. Again, the writer forgets that the Catholic women's college movement, an entirely American idea, is comparatively recent; the first, Saint Elizabeth's, having been established in 1899; and the others, New Rochelle and Mount Saint Vincent, following in quick succession. Hence, within twenty-two years, that the Catholic women's college ranks equally with the non-sectarian college is a matter of no small consideration. If the writer had given a little time to visiting these six colleges, or even investigated the standard of work done by their graduates in the larger universities, he would, at least, be judging the Catholic women's college on a reasonable basis. That the highest objective of the young Catholic college woman has been to fit herself to secure a "license to teach in the grade schools," is utterly false. The training for any license, for the most part, is undertaken outside of the regular work for the degree. Out of a class of ninety-eight graduating from this institution last June, less than 10 percent took the examination for License number 1, in New York City. Most young graduates, desirous to teach, have sought positions in high schools. At the present time, many of last year's graduates are teaching in the high schools of Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and New York State, to say nothing of those who have yet to report on their new work.

Furthermore, that these young women should study law or medicine, or look for a career in social service is "no strange thing." Already these fields, and the other fields of music, literature, banking, journalism, the theatre, and business have their representatives in the alumnae of the College of New Rochelle. I can point to the alumnae of the other Catholic colleges and name young women whose success in the field of letters and art is already achieved. Such a result, far from being inconceivable on the part of the respective faculties of the several colleges, has been foreseen by the founders, and prepared for by the much maligned and aforesaid faculties. As for suffering from the worn-out inferiority complex, Mr. Molanphy

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had better know whereof he speaks and use a bit of psychoanalysis on his own complex.

The problem of the inferior student in women's Catholic colleges is acute—just as acute as it is in any educational institution. Neither all men nor women are fit to be college trained. Instances of this are shown in the large number of students who are compelled to withdraw after the first or second year. That the average Catholic college student has, on the whole, better scholarship and a more intelligent understanding of current movements in the field of art, letters, or music, can be gleaned by conversation with students who have discussed these things with students of the other colleges at the holiday reunions in home towns. The writer certainly did not review the issues of any women's or men's college publications as far as I may judge, else no such statements reflecting to the discredit of Catholic college women writers could have been made. On the other hand, for the past three years, the Catholic college magazine is far superior in content and literary standard to any of the undergraduate publications of the other colleges.

The only solution of the problem of the Catholic college certainly does not seem to lie in restriction and consolidation. The only solution lies in the proper valuation and appreciation of Catholic colleges by Catholics themselves. It seems strange that non-Catholics are so alive to their advantages as to send their sons and daughters to them, while often the vain and ignorant Catholic thinks that more is to be gained in the non-sectarian institutions. There is, no doubt, more to be gained in material aspects of life, but Catholic students in these colleges are apt to lose that most precious and cultured asset—their Catholic faith. At present, the consolidation of Catholic colleges does not seem advisable. The more recent colleges have been started in centres of population where the young man or girl has the happy combination of home life with the cultural advantages of a Catholic day college. Newman Clubs at non-sectarian colleges should indeed be strengthened; but the courses in philosophy and moral theology which they may offer would be a drop of bichloride in a bucket of contaminated water.

Again, the Catholic college is doing its utmost, and does provide opportunities for scholarship, culture, and self-development. "Complacency in mediocrity," is a poor phrase to fling at those alive to every educational advance. Opportunities, perhaps, in time may be ideal, but Mr. Molanphy must remember that the American Catholic college—though still in its youth, and certainly on a par with the vast number of non-sectarian institutions—has what these have not, which the European universities have had, and which have made them what they are—namely, the culture, the scholarship, the infinite heritage of faith.

A Graduate of the College of New Rochelle.

SCHOLARSHIP AND CULTURE

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:—The discussion of the Catholic college, inaugurated in the columns of your paper, will not only be unproductive of good, but fraught with much danger unless it is approached with a firm grasp on logic and a freedom from all unproved assumptions. The letter of Mr. Molanphy is not only not reassuring on these two points, but betrays a mental attitude which I deplore, but which I will not discuss in this letter.

In a question so important as this, nothing can excuse from a clear-cut definition of terms. Mr. Molanphy speaks of scholarship, culture and self-development. It would be illuminating to know just what meaning he attaches to these terms; also why he restricts the scope of the Catholic college to the affording of ideal opportunities for the pursuit of culture. According to this restricted scope, there can be no reason for the Catholic technical or agricultural school.

Behind all Mr. Molanphy's remarks, there are two assumptions which are gratuitous. The first is that the non-sectarian educational institutions are, in proportion to the numbers of their students, producing satisfactory results in turning out students who are scholars, cultured, and self-developed. One only partially familiar with the literature of this subject, which of late years has been accumulating from the pens of those most interested in the success of the non-sectarian institutions, would see the rashness involved in the assumption that scholarship, culture, and self-development are the resultant to any appreciable number of the multitude of students at the non-sectarian colleges and universities. "What is wrong with the American college," and "do the colleges educate," have been familiar questions with us for some time.

In case Mr. Molanphy can reasonably prove his first ungranted assumption that a reasonable proportion of the multitude of students at the non-sectarian institutions carry away with their college diplomas culture, scholarship and self-development, he has yet another assumption to establish, unless his arraignment of the Catholic colleges is to be discovered as fatuous. The latest statistics seem to show that there are as many, if not more, Catholics at non-sectarian educational institutions than at Catholic ones. Mr. Molanphy indicts the Catholic college for not producing leaders in the field of intellectual activity, although 50 percent of the educated Catholics are coming from the colleges which he praises. On Mr. Molanphy's assumption, the proportion of Catholics, conspicuous for their scholarship, culture, and self-development, who are the products of the non-sectarian universities and colleges, ought to be much larger than the proportion of such Catholics who are the output of the Catholic university and college. That is an assumption I do not grant, and challenge Mr. Molanphy to prove. I should like to see such a list drawn up. It would bring this discussion from the realm of romance and begin to found it somewhat on fact. It would have this additional advantage—that we might be able to arrive at precisely what meaning the critic of the Catholic colleges attaches to the terms scholarship, culture and self-development.

This is not the first time I have been in controversy with regard to the Catholic college. It is my experience that many of the well-meaning critics of the Catholic college assume fancy as fact, and are surprised when their fundamental assumptions are not granted. Unless Mr. Molanphy can make good his two implied assumptions, it will be clear that his arraigment must either include the non-sectarian educational institutions, or be discovered as founded on prejudice. In either case it is valueless.

There are some other things latent in Mr. Molanphy's letter, which I have failed to touch upon, but to which I may return later. Suffice it to say that one must be quite unacquainted with the traditional attitude of the Church towards Catholic education, to speak so glibly about the scope of the Catholic college, and to talk about extending the activity of Newman Clubs to the giving of full and consistent courses in Catholic philosophy and moral theology to students, often deliberately and without sufficient reason, living in a pagan atmosphere

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and listening to lectures and reading text-books which fall within the scope of the general laws of the Index. When the time comes for the setting up of chairs of Catholic philosophy in non-sectarian universities, it will be for the pastors of the flock in each locality to decide upon the departure. One wonders whence our American cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and priests would have come, if the only Catholic pabulum given them in their college days was a volunteer offering by an extra-curricular activity.

I hope Mr. Molanphy will ponder well on the meaning he attaches to the terms scholarship, culture and self-development. There is a pagan scholarship, and a pagan culture, and a pagan self-development. There is likewise a Catholic scholarship, and a Catholic culture, and a Catholic self-development. When Mr. Molanphy has clearly defined the meaning he attaches to these terms, he will show how these can be attained better at the non-sectarian institutions than at the Catholic ones.

(Rev.) Ignatius Wiley Cox, S.J.

AN INVITATION TO MR. MOLANPHY

Convent Station, N. J.

TO the Editor:—In the aftermath of calm which Mr. Molanphy must now be enjoying as a result of his recent letter to The Commonweal, he will undoubtedly be generous enough to admit that, though his well-intentioned exhibit of the short-coming of Catholic colleges was, in a few respects, justifiable, his casual fling at the College of Saint Elizabeth, among other institutions, was slightly gratuitous, not to say urbane; more especially since, as far as I have been able to ascertain, he has never set foot upon the campus and is wholly unacquainted with the faculty.

Refutation of the over-statements in that drastic paragraph on Catholic colleges for women is superfluous, for over-statement refutes itself. "The little more, and how much it is!" Mr. Molanphy may be interested to learn, however, that the faculty of the College of Saint Elizabeth, contrary to his strongly asserted opinion, encourages, eulogizes, glorifies the idea of careers in social service; that, though during the war years, secretarial courses were introduced for the accommodation of patriotic young women who anticipated the call to business life because of the protracted absence of their soldier brothers, such courses have, since the Armistice, been gradually eliminated; that the New York City school system, presenting, as it does, to the imaginative vision of youth, an octopus-like character, makes in the main, a rather negligible appeal to our graduates; and that, finally, the department of education in the college prepares the student to teach not in the grades, but in the high school. As I write, I have not, regrettably, all the data relative to the present activities of the graduates of June, 1925, but I know that at least one of them is a student in the National Catholic Social Service School in Washington; that one is a student dietitian in Eastern Maine General Hospital, Bangor, Maine; that another is engaged in work for her master's degree in the department of chemistry at Columbia University; that two more are pursuing graduate courses at Teachers' College; and that several hold positions in the high schools respectively of Hoboken, Jersey City and Morristown, in New Jersey; Syracuse and Chittenango in New York State; Colchester, Connecticut; and Lowell, Massachusetts. If any are teaching in the grades—even in New York City—I congratulate them. Their work is not to be depreciated. Rather is a golden opportunity theirs of sowing wheat where others, in the precious seed-time of the little ones' lives, are, consciously or unconsciously, sowing tares. And is not grade-teaching—particularly in New York City—a high and noble social service?

May I add that, in imputing to Catholic colleges for women both "an inferiority complex," and "a complacency in the production of mediocrity," Mr. Molanphy has delightfully illustrated for his readers the use of incompatible terms. May I meekly inquire, also, whether Catholic colleges for women in this country—and the oldest of them, the College of Saint Elizabeth, has only recently completed its twenty-fifth year—can reasonably be expected, thus early in their functioning, to have attained "the place in intellectual life held by the European universities *for so many centuries*"? (The italics are not Mr. Molanphy's.)

The assertion that "a Catholic college has no reason for existence if it is not in a position to afford ideal opportunities for the pursuit of culture," is, on more than one ground, obviously debatable—granting that the debaters can agree upon a definition of the words "culture" and "ideal." Until that agreement is reached, it were worse than futile to advance to the fray.

In conclusion, let me assure Mr. Molanphy that "divine discontent," very cousin to his own, quite saturates the atmosphere at Convent Station. "Forward, forward let us range!" Catholic colleges need improvement in one way, as non-sectarian colleges need it in another. But to improve anything, one must know it. Will not Mr. Molanphy, therefore, kindly visit our college, and, in friendly-wise, discuss the perennially absorbing subject of development and progress with the faculty—with those who are still young and enthusiastic, with the conservative old, and with the poor "middle-aged mediocrities?"

Sister Mary Vincent.
College of Saint Elizabeth.

THE RETREAT HOUSE AT MALVERN

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—There is an institution not many miles from Philadelphia which is unique, and is well worthy of observation—the retreat house at Malvern. In a sense, it is an off-shoot of the great Father Sheeley's Mt. Manresa, on Staten Island, for it is a direct result of the retreats he conducted at Saint Charles Seminary, Overbrook. Malvern is, however, in spite of that origin, unique of its kind, as far as I know. In general, retreat houses are based upon some religious order or society, or upon a particular priest like Father Sheeley. Saint Joseph's, at Malvern, is without qualification a laymen's institution. One's first impression is of a prosperous country club in which the members, making their own rules, see to it that they are carried out. The officers of the association function not unlike the board and house committees of a well run club. The exactness and efficiency which flow from this arrangement, throw into prominence the strength which flows from autonomy. A second important source of strength and vigor lies in the fact that the retreat master, being an eminent member of the faculty of the Archdiocesan Seminary (with whom the rector of the seminary alternates not infrequently) the retreat house and the retreat movement in general are intimately associated with the new generation of young priests graduating annually from Overbrook.

The utility of lay retreat houses is a matter of course to the orders. It has not always been so apparent to many good people who are more parochially minded than Catholic in their experience. Malvern is an institution to be watched with interest.

William Franklin Sands.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Vortex

THIS play with which the much discussed Noel Coward has flashed into the American scene, exhibits a curious combination of theatrical strength with dramatic weakness. In fact, I have seldom seen a play illustrating with sharper outline the difference between these qualities; the theatrical, that which gives life and emotional energy to certain specific scenes, and the dramatic, that which lends enduring value or significance to the play as a whole.

Several scenes in The Vortex have an extraordinarily fine theatrical quality. In the hands of good actors, they establish an emotional power of rare intensity. But the theme upon which the dramatic importance of the whole play must rest is confused, inconclusive, and in one essential point, weak.

The story will help to explain this point. Florence Lancaster is a mother trying to retain her youth by the process of making much younger men fall in love with her. Her grown son, Nicky, returns with his fiancée, Bunty, from a long sojourn in Paris, to find his father a broken old man, and his mother an absurd figure, with dyed hair and artificially young manners, leading by a string a boy, Tom Veryan, no older than Nicky, himself. At first he does not sense the full import of the situation. But when Bunty blithely shifts her affections to Tom, and Nicky overhears the ensuing scene in which his mother debases herself by appealing to Tom to remain with her, the scales suddenly fall from his eyes.

In the last act, Nicky comes to his mother's bedroom. There mother and son face each other with their masks torn off. Nicky, it seems, has become a drug fiend. He realizes that in his own way he is no better than his mother. They have each made wrecks of their lives. In this hour of crisis and mutual disclosure, what can they do to prevent catastrophe? The curtain falls on mother and son, in each others arms, blindly searching for strength, beseeching the help that neither is sure can be found from the other.

Obviously the close of the second act and the entire third act provide the emotional quality which makes splendid theatre. You would find the same quality if you overheard a street quarrel between a drunken husband and his wife. But genuine dramatic interest demands something more. It demands a correspondence to some great truth of life, without the obvious intervention of the dramatist's own theories. Unfortunately Mr. Coward has injected into his play the theory that both mother and son are victims of "circumstances," of the "vortex of modern life which makes rottenness so easy." He is not content to leave it that they are both weak-willed, and to let the catastrophe work itself out from that as a starting point. He would have it that forces larger than themselves have conspired against them; and here is where the play preaches a pessimism far beyond the testimony of human experience. Neither character seeks from within the strength to start over again—because neither sees clearly that the beginning of the tragedy came from within. To say that our particular modern life makes rottenness easy, is to give the lie to the testimony of centuries, which says that in all times and all conditions of mankind, it has been infinitely easier to fall than to rise. A play whose motivation is tacked down to the special conditions of a day—and falsely tacked down, at that—cannot hope to attain that universal importance which is the key to genuine dramatic power. The Vortex states a problem falsely, and then offers no solution. It has deliberately shifted the moral responsibility to unreality—to an imaginary being that simply has no separate moral existence—to society.

The Pelican

A PROGRAM note to this play by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood reminds us that according to legend the pelican "will pluck her breast to feed her young with her own blood." So we have here a story constructed with something of the meticulous care of a Pinero, centering around the self-sacrifice of a mother to further her son's career. With Margaret Lawrence as the mother, and Fred Kerr delineating the character of an old English general with nothing less than flashing brilliancy, the play holds its audience well and moves with a refreshing sequence and cumulative effect.

Marcus Heriot has married Wanda, and had one child by her. But due to her innocent indiscretions, he suspects that the child is not his own. He divorces her and takes legal proceedings to have the child declared illegitimate. Seventeen years later, Wanda's boy, Robin, returns to France, where his mother has been living, from a long visit in England, imbued with the idea that he must have a career in the English army. Unfortunately, to enter one of the finer officers' schools, he must have a clear birth certificate. This can only be obviated through special influence, and it so happens that the one man in England who can arrange it is Marcus, now General, Heriot. The boy's resemblance to his father is now so striking that Marcus can no longer doubt his parentage, and horrified at his blunder, offers to remarry Wanda so as to give their son his rightful standing. But in the meantime, Wanda has fallen deeply in love with Paul Lauzun, a Frenchman, and is about to marry him. Forced to choose between disappointing her son or sacrificing her own immediate happiness, she gives up Lauzun and agrees to remarry Marcus.

It is not difficult to see that in this problem the motives of family tradition, social position and the honorableness of a British army career play an unduly heavy rôle, considering the matter purely in the human light. There was room here to have broadened the grounds of Wanda's decision—a realization that even when she had been grievously wronged, the bond of marriage involved something more than the legal contract, that the welfare of the boy in its larger aspects was a duty transcending even personal pique and justifiable resentment. But the dramatists have not chosen to broaden out the motive. As it stands, Wanda makes her sacrifice for the specific and sole purpose of gratifying her son's desire to enter a particular British military school.

In this play Margaret Lawrence does some very effective acting but allows it to be marred at times by too much gesturing. Fred Kerr, as Robin's grandfather, General Sir John Heriot, gives the one really masterly interpretation of the play. Mr. Boris Ranevsky plays the part of Paul Lauzun with considerable distinction and fine sensibility. One feels on the whole that The Pelican is a fine opportunity lost through failure to give the central motivation its full quota of potential strength and soundness.

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The Butter and Egg Man

MR. GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, the author of this bubbling piece, is never backward in the gentle art of spoofing. On this occasion he has chosen as his victim the theatrical profession itself, and particularly that type of man whose yearnings to have a hand in the great doings of the stage lead him to provide the sinews of war for new and venturesome productions. Such a person in the parlance of the day is "a butter and egg man."

Mr. Kaufman has written a very entertaining satire in which are involved the fortunes of Peter Jones, a young hotel clerk from Chillicothe who has fallen heir to $22,500, and Jane Weston, a stenographer of the Lehmac Production Inc., a bankrupt but optimistic firm of New York producers. When you know that the amiable and timorous Peter Jones is played by Gregory Kelly, you have at once a compact and clear idea of the type of character involved. Gregory Kelly is considerably more than the husband of Ruth Gordon. He is, histrionically speaking, her counterpart in the male field—hesitant, eccentric and charming with all.

Of course, Peter Jones is persuaded to dump the largest part of his inheritance into a play which, as explained to him, combines all the virtues of Abie's Irish Rose, Within the Law, the Easiest Way, and numerous other box office morning-glories. Also, and again of course, the play is an utter "flop" during its try-out in Syracuse, and still of course, becomes an immediate success when Peter Jones, refusing to desert the ship, sails it into the port of Broadway.

The acting of this piece is excellent throughout, the comedy for the most part swift and sure, and the satire, though very broad and obvious, not without the quality that keeps the audience chuckling. Mr. Kaufman has marred his work for the cheap purpose of getting one extra laugh by a reference to a priest and a rabbi, in inexecrably bad taste. He has also been bitten by the profanity flea. Things of this sort are becoming so common along Broadway just now that it is high time to bring them into the open.

In Selecting Your Plays

(*The following list includes all plays reviewed in The Commonweal—favorably or otherwise—which are still playing in New York.*)

Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
Canary Dutch—Old age pathos in crookdom.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill's most unwholesome repast well acted by a new cast.
Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
Oh, Mama!—The wrong kind of French farce.
Outside Looking In—The hobo empire at its best and worst—marred by wholly unnecessary blasphemy.
The Fall of Eve—A stupid play with clever acting by Ruth Gordon.
The Gorilla—The best spoofing of mystery plays in many a day.
The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.
The Little Poor Man—This intensely interesting dramatic life of Saint Francis is reopening for special matinées, Tuesdays and Fridays.
The Poor Nut—One good hippodrome scene and little else.
They Knew What They Wanted—Sin, punishment and forgiveness in swift and powerful sequence. Too much box-office blasphemy.
White Cargo—Only if you like to be harrowed to no purpose.
White Collars—How to live if you're neither banker nor bricklayer.

BOOKS

WORKS ON THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

ANY person who desires to make a complete library of books on this subject, must set aside a large amount of space, for he must include a large number of memoirs and lives—many of them in two or more volumes. Thus he must have the Remains of Hurrell Froude, the lives of Samuel Wilberforce, Keble, Pusey, Arnold, Stanley, Tait, and many another less well known book, such as the Autobiography of Isaac Williams, for all of them contain much precious information relating to that period. For such a one, the following notes are hardly complete.

But for others who wish to begin reading on this subject, it is best to start with a comprehensive book which will explain the whole complicated course of the movement, before embarking upon any of the supplementary literature. For this purpose, of course, the best book is The Oxford Movement, by R. W. Church, Dean of Saint Paul's Cathedral, London (New York: The Macmillan Company) who was himself a charming and sympathetic figure in the movement. Attention should also be given to the most complete work on the subject, La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au Dix-neuvième Siècle, by Paul Thureau-Dangin (Paris: Libraire Plon. 1899). It is amazing that a foreigner should have been able to penetrate so fully into the English ecclesiastical mind, but it was accomplished doubtless by the persistent study, not merely of all the published memoirs, but (far more tedious task) by wading through the files of the British Critic, The Rambler, and other dead and dried-up periodicals of the day. It is a big book, but it is the final work on the subject.

The tabloid-takers, who want a general view of the period, can get it in less than one hundred small pages in The Oxford Movement, by Wilfrid Ward (London: T. and C. Jack). Coming from the son of "Ideal" Ward, this book is well worth reading, even by those who have already tackled the other books named. Oddly enough, even Wilfrid Ward mixes up the two William Palmers of the movement—an easy thing for the ordinary reader to do.

Having thus got the carte du pays, the next thing to be read is the Apologia pro Vita Sua, by Cardinal Newman. Of this, a word must be said of a bibliographical character. As all the world knows, it was provoked by an accusation of Charles Kingsley impugning Newman's truthfulness. After a running fire of pamphlets, the Apologia was published—at first in weekly parts, then as a volume by Longman's in 1864. To this first edition were attached not merely the pamphlets just mentioned, but a close criticism of Kingsley's statements and other matters, all of which found no place in later editions of which the number is legion. He who would really understand the Apologia should endeavor to secure a copy of this first edition which appears from time to time in second-hand catalogues, or read it in a library, if only as a study of what the pen of Newman was really capable of in irony when its wielder was thoroughly aroused.

Next on the list comes The Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman, by Wilfrid Ward (London: Longman's. 1912). There was much difference of opinion as to the presentment of the Cardinal when this book came out, favorable and unfavorable views being freely expressed. The fact is that Newman was a person of many-sided character, and no life by any author would have satisfied all his admirers. This, however,

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may be fairly said—there are several smaller lives, but this is the only one which, in all probability, will remain final.

Ward's life of his father, in two volumes, should be read after this. There are also William George Ward and the Oxford Movement (1889) and William George Ward and the Catholic Revival, published by the Macmillan Company.

Reminiscences of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement, by T. Mozely, a contemporary of Newman's at Oxford, his brother-in-law, close friend, and a man of real humor and charming personality, should be read next. Even in the pages of Church, the characters of the movement do not stand out in such life-like manner. "He stood up in front of you like a mile-stone, and he brayed at you like a jackass," is just one of a number of lively characterizations! This book was published by Longman's in 1882, but has long been out of print. It can be obtained from time to time from the second-hand catalogues, and it is a real treasure. Many of Newman's own works bear on the movement, but the work which should certainly be included in this series is Loss and Gain. The thirteenth edition was published by Longman's in 1898, but the history of the first issue is worth noting.

A Short History of the Oxford Movement, by Canon Ollard (Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company) is a book which originally appeared in England, and is an Anglican account of the movement, but one which brings the story down to our own day. Of course the continued adherents of the Anglican church receive full notice in it, but no one could accuse the author of unfairness, and his book may be consulted to fill some certain gaps in the history of the time.

The writer is not aware whether The Oxford Movement in America, or Glimpses of Life in an Anglican Seminary, by Clarence E. Walworth (New York: The Catholic Book Exchange. 1895) is still obtainable, but if it can be picked up, it is well worth reading, and contains a most interesting and characteristic tale of Newman just before his conversion, which is not in any other account of his life.

Cardinal Newman, by Bertram Newman, who was no relation of the Cardinal's, nor even a co-religionist, recently reviewed in these columns, is an excellent account of the Cardinal's writings chronologically, with the leading incidents of his life. (New York: The Century Company. 1925.)

Two rare books about Newman and the movement may be mentioned here, because they occasionally occur in second-hand catalogues and should be secured by anyone having the opportunity. My Campaign In Ireland, was Newman's privately published account of his unfortunate experience at the so-called Catholic University in Dublin. It is a sorry tale, but intensely interesting. The Trial of Achilli vs. Newman, is another item which may appear under one of two forms—the pamphlet containing a full report of that famous trial, perhaps one of the worst perversions of justice ever enacted in any court or in any country, published by Dorman's in 1852. This was a Catholic firm, now long extinct, and the pamphlet was on Newman's side, as is clear from the preface and introduction. The other pamphlet, published by Strange, a firm also long since defunct, is distinctly unfriendly. These pamphlets are sometimes to be had bound up together—a very notable find for anyone who wants to pick up curious literature. Achilli, as everybody knows, was as finished a scoundrel as ever lived, and his character is fully exposed here, so that at the end of the trial even the Times—an old enemy of the Church—could but exclaim that, in future, justice for a Catholic was not to be expected in an English court.

Next Week—

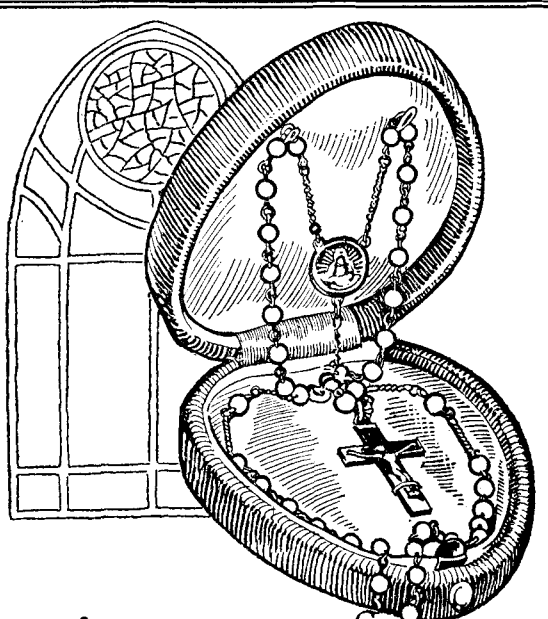
The Religious Aim of Education

***By* G. K. Chesterton**

Mr. Chesterton's article is one of a series on education, the first of which, Fundamentals of Education, by Dr. George Johnson, Associate Professor of Education at the Catholic University, appears in this issue of The Commonweal. Other articles by Rev. Ignatius M. Cox, S.J., of Fordham University; George N. Shuster, former Professor of English at the University of Notre Dame, and other educators will follow these.

The correspondence that is running in the pages of The Commonweal and the general editorial comment that followed the recent religious survey made at the University of Notre Dame is indicative of the widespread interest in the subject of Catholic education. These articles are a valuable contribution to the general discussion of the subject.

Have your newsdealer order your copy.



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BROTHER THOMAS, *President*

The Medical Follies, by Morris Fishbein. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

THE etiquette of physicians, like the discipline of the army, has not encouraged or advanced free discussion. Behind the mantle of reticence, quackery, even roguery, and honest practice have been equally obscured; until now, due to the extensiveness of modern publicity, both are before the public at large.

The result of all this has been apparent in some recent books. Several years ago, Dr. Paul H. De Kruif published Our Medicine Men, a salty and critical account of professional antics among the specialists of research. This was against the grain, and tabooed. He was dropped from the philanthropic institute where he was doing research. Early this year, Sinclair Lewis, in his last novel, Arrowsmith, detailed in full, in the life of Martin Arrowsmith, what De Kruif had already suggested about medical circles. All of which gave impetus to the spread of exacting medical knowledge. Then, the fascinating and highly entertaining essays of Dr. MacLaurin, which from the point of view of modern medicine, speculate upon the treatment, lax or otherwise, that had carried off the illustrious dead, show stimulated interest. Now, Dr. Morris Fishbein, spokesman for 90,000 doctors, acts upon the prejudice of silence, and publishes The Medical Follies, which is a summary account of unique high spots in the history of American medicine, with emphasis upon the fanciful theories and quacks that have figured in its making. His restraint has left him free of any charge of overstatement. In fact, his marshaling of facts and ironic material could hardly surpass the irrevocable tragic events that result from quacks, when some innocent dolt allows a spine twister to treat him unknowingly suffering with cancer, diabetes, or tubercle bacillus. To prevent this vicious practice—quite within the law—is the purpose of his book.

Beginning with an account of Elisha Perkins who cured all by tractors in the eighteenth century (his influence even spread to England) Dr. Fishbein proceeds to a discussion of the origin, growth and practice of homeopathy, osteopathy, and chiropractic in this country. He points out the emotionalism and absurd mysticism that is brought into use to make these side-show features of medicine gaudily attractive to the innocent and gullible—that the dogma of both osteopathy and chiropractic, claiming that disease is caused by dislocation or subluxation of the bones, is not only unproven, but a misrepresentation of facts.

In examining the claims of the various quacks, Dr. Fishbein not only reports on their theories, but furnishes amusing exposition of the mumbo-jumbo antics with which they are perpetrated on the patient. The well known Dr. Abrams, with his electrical blood tests, is suavely exposed. An excellent chapter is devoted to health legislation—with the difficulties of medicine in politics cited—and also the need of proper legislation. He records the attitude taken by the American Medical Association in opposing the Sheppard-Towner Act, which took the stand urging "that the care of the mother and the child is a local—even a personal—and not a federal function. It was pointed out that the encroachment of the state upon the personal relations between the patient and his physician, was becoming a menace. Compulsory health insurance and state medicine, indeed, are the ultimate and worst forms of paternalism." This incident is a striking example of the value of the medical profession in politics.

His report on the advancement in knowledge of glands, and Steinach's method of rejuvenation, is adroit. His analysis of this

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new panacea to fulfill the desire of Faust and Ponce de Leon, records a comic incident. He writes that—"It may be well, at this point, to call attention to some reported instances in which the results raise the shadows of a fearsome doubt. In May, 1921, a man, seventy-two years of age, was scheduled to lecture in London on the subject—'How I Was Made Twenty Years Younger by Eugen Steinach.' He was found dead in bed the morning before his lecture." His summary of physical culture is much to the point. "The MacFadden gospel is essentially an appeal to a large minority of persons whose eyes are aroused by the flash of nakedness, or whose weakened wills succumb to every new health fad. He has taken what should be a beautiful search for health, for vigor, and for strength, and made of it an ugly and discouraging thing to every right-minded individual." In his chapter on Medicine and the Press, Dr. Fishbein delightfully corrects the many elementary errors in the daily advice that Arthur Brisbane turns out to the syndicate of Hearst papers, on how to keep well. Dr. Fishbein is quite certain that one tear will not dissolve millions of bacteria, as Mr. Brisbane states.

The interest and writing of this book is of a high order. The amusement and fund of information so easily to be acquired by the lay reader, is rather a wind-fall in this specialized field—for when he has finished it, he has at hand much sound knowledge of the position of medicine today.

EDWIN CLARK.

Juan Ginés de Sepúlveda, by Aubrey F. G. Bell. London: Oxford University Press. 5/s.

IF the learned world had not so thoroughly lost its knowledge of Latin, the name of Sepúlveda would no doubt not be so strange to most readers, and so generally misunderstood and misrepresented. "A revival of Latin will not only provide the only fitting international language but will in a sense restore to Europe the lost age of Erasmus."

Born at Los Pedroches near Córdoba, a distinguished scholar of the University of Álcala, Sepúlveda was the familiar of all the learned men of Europe of his time. After years spent in Rome in the factional uprisings of 1526, a Spaniard among the Italians attempting to assist the forces of Spain, he found himself turned out of the Castle Saint Angelo and took refuge in Naples. Pope Clement VII sent him to the coronation of Carlos V at Bologna in 1530, and he was commissioned to work with Cardinal de Quiñones and Diego de Neyla on the revision of the Breviary which appeared in 1536, and proved the foundation of the English Book of Common Prayer of 1549. Sepúlveda, in 1536, was offered the post of official chronicler of Carlos V and followed his court in some of its ceaseless migrations. He later retired to a villa house at Pozoblanco, and devoted his later years to horticulture and the practice of Horatian letters, leaving interesting accounts of his husbandry and preparing an important work on the reform of the calendar, the first question on which had been raised in the fifth Lateran Council, in 1515. On his death, he left his valuable library to the Cathedral of Córdoba in 1572 or 1573.

Sepúlveda's controversy with Bartolomé de Las Casas has left an unjust stain of cruelty on his name. It must be noted that "he did not advocate slavery, drawing a sharp distinction between subjection which was civilis and that which was herilis, and did not approve of compulsory conversion to Christianity, while he definitely denounced robbery or ill-treatment of the natives" of the newly discovered Americas.

THOMAS WALSH.

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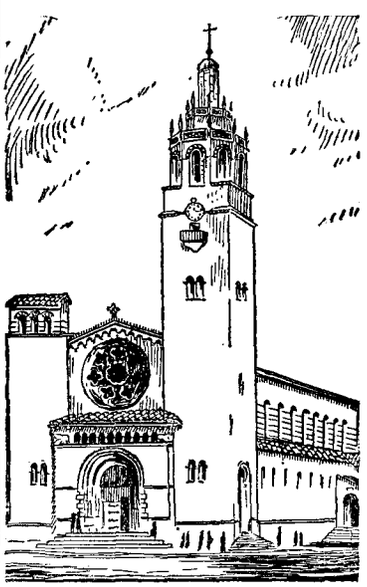

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Songs from the Elizabethans, by J. C. Squire. New York: The Dial Press. $1.50.

THE Elizabethans certainly knew how to write poems to please the anthologists. There is rarely a publishing season without several of these collections, and the richness of the field is amply attested by the large numbers of selections and collections that industrious authorship is able to harvest from it. Mr. J. C. Squire is, of course, an exceptional touchstone of what is fine in poetry and reveals his qualities in a really rare nosegay from the lyric age of English song. How original is much of this poetry, how derivative from foreign sources, are questions much discussed among the critics; but for the reader, the lover of beauty in its ecstatical form, there is here the resultant of the feeling of generations of a chivalrous and religious people that will bring tears of tenderness as well as thrills of pleasure to such readers of finer things as still survive among us. One is especially charmed by such lovely indirectness as Thomas Campion's Invocation, which we are glad to reproduce—

"Thrice toss these oaken ashes on the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
Then thrice-three times tie up this true love's knot,
And murmur soft, 'She will or she will not.'

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar,
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,
That all my fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you fairies! dance with me a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise,
She hath an art to break them with her eyes."

The New International Encyclopaedia. Second Edition. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1924.

GENERAL use in our library has proved that the revised edition of the new International Encyclopaedia is one of the most valuable adjuncts that we possess. For definite detail, such as dates and names of places, for accurate historical reference, it would be hard to equal this great work in its revised form. The notices on ecclesiastical history and the articles on ritual and liturgy have in them an assurance, which we can gladly confirm. Altogether the editors and publishers have produced a book which will long hold a valuable place in our reference shelves, in public and private libraries, and students in our schools and colleges are now in possession of a ready and authoritative aid in every subject of general interest.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Really, Criticus, this is too much!" exclaimed Dr. Angelicus, sorting a letter from his mail heap. "Is there no privacy to be left in this world, that demands the publicity of our income tax, and questions us about our love affairs, and what stockings and underwear we use? Here I am, a man retired from the vulgar world, living out my life in study and Platonic contemplation, pursued by such a missive into my most sacred retreat, my breakfast room. 'The Mellon Institute of Industrial Research'—mark that magnificent title—'of the University of Pittsburgh,' mind you, wants to know what kind of breakfast I eat, implying as a sort of apology that the 'opinions and habits of notably successful men have always profoundly influenced the average man.' I, who have never stuck out my chin for the professional photographers of political candidates and bank directors, I, whose acquaintance with beauty parlors and manicures is of the most limited nature—I, even I, the patient, complacent, sceptical hermit of the Bronx, cannot escape these institutional search-lighters who would know what I eat for my breakfast, and why I eat, and how."

Criticus interrupted to say—"They omit to ask you when you breakfast, Doctor"—

"Not realizing," went on Angelicus, "that there are several other questions—a priori—to be settled before a judgment is to be made upon me. For instance, whether I took my cold ham and ginger-beer before or after midnight—whether I smoked my last pipeful among the pillows—whether my tub was of cold or lukewarm water—whether I puffed several cigarettes while dressing and shaving—what sort of razor do I use—or soap, or cream or shaving powder—do I change my pyjamas and underclothing daily—do I take my breakfast from my black boy, Abdias, in bed, or standing up like old Edward Fitzgerald!"

Hereticus took up the letter from the Mellon Institute and read the questionnaire—

"Doctor, is your usual breakfast light, moderate or heavy?"

"How should I know, Hereticus? There have been years during the hunting season when a juicy beefsteak and potatoes preceded the large piece of apple pie, which, accompanied by hot rolls, gave me an exquisite satisfaction I have not forgotten. We should also consider our age, our occupation—whether we are within reach of fresh sausage-meats or merely around the corner from the delicatessen. I should answer at present, under the protest I make at this unveiling of my breakfast sanctum, that I am, in politics as well as gustatory pursuits, a moderate breakfaster. I have my permitted two cups of strong coffee, three lumps of sugar—mind you, Hereticus, not those lumps swathed up in paper that destroy your appetite while you unfold them—but granulated grains, lumps, squares of good North American saccharine, reinforced by cream, mind you,—cream, even if it be condensed or evaporated, mind you, Hereticus, but cream, and plenty of it. There may also be apple sauce, grapefruit or orange juice—my maiden aunt sometimes joins me for breakfast."

Hereticus took up the letter again—"Doctor, they wish to know whether you take for your breakfast, fruit, cereal, eggs, potatoes, meat, hot cakes, milk, rolls, toast or bread, and they ask are you governed primarily by their appeal to your taste or do you seek from them merely a nourishment or a contribution to your health?"

The Doctor looked gravely at Primus Criticus—"You see

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the deliberate turn of the rack in this inquisition—fruit, of course, but rarely berries, bananas or such Sunday-night preserves as bespeak vulgar appetites—cereals on cold mornings, with a sort of reverential mother-feeling recalling nursery days, pushers and the railed-in trays of childhood's untrammeled day-breaks—eggs, I prefer them au beurre, although an inveterate longing for hard-boiled duck eggs sometimes comes over me when the snow lies heavy on the landscape—potatoes, I confess to a certain hankering after them—meat, I confess to a mortal weakness for crisped porkchops and old-fashioned sausages black and dry on the plate—hot cakes, yes, when there is plenty of butter, fresh butter with some salt newly pressed through it—milk, why of course, is it not nature's food? I acquired the habit early in life and have never shaken it off. Rolls, toast or bread—I am embarrassed to say which I prefer, only I cannot eat those sugared buns that sometimes steal into the bun-roll—I love Denmark, but they import too much of its pastry!"

"The questionnaire," interrupted Primus Criticus, "is concerned primarily with your state of mind as a resultant of this breakfast dietary"—

"I think you have rarely found me an unsmiling character before the luncheon hour, have you, Criticus?"

"No, Doctor, but there seems at times a change in your literary opinions before and after luncheon—those poems, for instance, The Obsolete Sonnets, which you disliked so much at eleven o'clock on Monday morning and declared to be masterpieces when you reëntered the office at three in the afternoon."

"Ah, that brings up another questionnaire—What do we take for luncheon beside petits-fours and raspberry ice? You are a Torquemada, my dear Criticus—my literary standards are never undermined by my gastric juices, mind you that, sir. I preserve my reverence for the scholastic genres of literature with all the fervor, even with a better appetite than that of the famous M. Brunetière."

Hereticus insisted on being heard—"Doctor, these questions excite you. Remember that Mr. Mellon of the Institute—"

"You mean the breakfast-food man, Mr. Hereticus, don't you?" asked Tittivillus.

"Mr. Mellon of the Institute wishes to know of your health, your habits and how you are feeling after them—"

"Oh," said the Doctor, lapsing into the pile of snowy missives from the poets that Miss Anonymoncule handed to him, "please thank him from me and say I am feeling very well these latter days."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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